

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 462, Vol. 18.

September 3, 1864.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE FOUNDER OF LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

THE speeches of the Duke of PERSIGNY have always a certain kind of value. No one can say of him that he is an Imperialist of the morrow. He believed in the Empire before it ever existed, and worshipped the EMPEROR when the EMPEROR was a very poor Prince. He cannot be accused of time-serving; and if there is something ludicrous, there is also something attractive, in his lavish, sincere, unhesitating praises of his master, and of the system that his master has set up. The Empire has not so many of these devoted admirers that their enthusiastic outpourings are likely to become monotonous and wearisome. In fact, the Duke of PERSIGNY stands alone. No one else looks on the Empire exactly as he looks on it—as the fruit and flower of French history, as something sacred and ineffably wise, as the great living proof that a good Providence still rules a wicked world. But his speeches have also the value of being true up to a certain point. He is really right in much that he says of the Empire, and in much of the criticism which he bestows upon former Governments, and especially on the Government which he and his friends hate so bitterly—the Government of July. It is unquestionable that modern France is not made on the pattern of modern England, and that the points in which it differs are all points which cause difficulties in the way of establishing a strong and durable Constitutional Government. There is no reason to assume, as the Duke of PERSIGNY assumes, that these difficulties could not have been successfully combated; and, as a matter of fact, they were successfully combated for nearly twenty years—for a time longer, that is, than that during which the present Empire has lasted. But these difficulties existed and still exist. The Duke of PERSIGNY is on very strong ground when he asks us why it should be assumed that all nations are to move in the same groove, and why institutions answering in England should be expected to answer in a country which, like France, has a different religion, different social habits, different traditions, different prejudices and tastes. The passion for a nominal and superficial equality which exists in France, the absence of any real aristocracy, the tendency of such an aristocracy as there is to ally itself with Rome in a manner distasteful to the mass of French citizens, the turn for military pageants and glory that is inbred in Frenchmen, and, above all, the system of excessive centralization, which has been the growth of so many years, and is now so enwoven with all the habits of the people, all combine to make France very different from England, and to offer most serious hindrances to the success of constitutional government. On each of these points, where constitutional government is necessarily weak in France, the Empire is strong. It gratifies the wish for equality, it gets on comfortably with a sham aristocracy of its own, it is always gratifying Paris with the pomp of war, and it makes as much use of préfets as even the préfets themselves could wish. It may not be a good thing for France to have a Government which harmonizes with it in points where France, according to English notions, has gone or is going wrong; but a devotee of the Empire like the Duke of PERSIGNY is entitled to say that, such as France is, whether good or bad, the Empire falls in with its most conspicuous leanings, and gratifies its vulgar and habitual aspirations.

The Duke of PERSIGNY also insists, with some reason, that the wishes of the people are not neglected under the Empire, and that the EMPEROR makes it his business to find out what France really requires, and to give effect to what France really desires. The EMPEROR has, of course, made many mistakes, and his Government has never lost the taint of its origin; but still he ought to have the credit of having seen with accuracy what would satisfy France, and of having ventured with much boldness to carry out the wishes of the country. These wishes were not perhaps the wishes of the best part of the country, or the best wishes that the country could have formed, but they

were wishes that were actually felt by large masses of people. He has restored the military glory of France, he has increased the strength of the army, he has made war for a cause so dear to the revolutionary party as the freedom of Italy, he has extended the bounds of French territory, he has thwarted the revolution he countenanced, and he has maintained the POPE and the King of NAPLES at Rome. In every one of these things he was doing what some large section of France approved. Nor has he merely pandered to the tastes and prejudices and desires of the ignorant. He has guided his people sometimes against their will, and gently led them into a policy of which, in the end, they have approved. It is to him that France owes the steady maintenance of the English alliance and the introduction of Free Trade. But then, when all this is said—and the Duke of PERSIGNY is warranted in saying it—there remains the fatal flaw in the Imperial system. If everything is to depend on the EMPEROR, if power supreme and uncontrolled is to be confided to a man capable of seeing what France needs and desires, and endowed with the capacity of satisfying the wishes of a great people, where is this gifted being to be got? How is the right man to be put into the Tuileries? It seems like a mockery to be told that the Empire is hereditary, and that, if the present EMPEROR died, the new EMPEROR, the new exponent of the wants of France, would be a little boy of nine years old. It is the mortality of the human race that is so fatally adverse to the Duke of PERSIGNY and his theories, and that seems to make the Second Empire an accident, which its admirers may call a splendid accident, but which is only an accident after all.

But the Duke of PERSIGNY is not satisfied with showing that the Empire in some important respects suits France, and that the EMPEROR has allowed popular opinion its full weight with him; he burns to show that the Empire is in every respect perfect. He longs to take away the great reproach of the Empire, that it is fatal to liberty, and he boldly hazards the astonishing paradox that the Empire is the culmination of liberty as well as of authority. It is the EMPEROR who has been the first to give liberty to France. LOUIS NAPOLEON, and he alone, has founded French freedom. The EMPEROR himself always says that liberty is to come, and is to crown the edifice. But the Duke of PERSIGNY is too jealous of the honour of his master to rest contented with this. He says that liberty has come, and that the edifice has been crowned. He resembles the members of that strange sect whose creed is that the millennium has begun; and, just as these happy enthusiasts are undisturbed by the obvious remark that, if this is all the millennium was to be, there might as well have been no millennium at all, so the Duke of PERSIGNY is utterly undismayed by his survey of the French press, and by the reports of such trials as that of M. GARNIER PAGES. He treats his hearers as the showman treated the little child who came to see the great phantasmagoria of MOSES and the Egyptians, and found a blank. Where is the liberty of public meetings? Oh, replies the Duke of PERSIGNY, the time for that is gone by. Where is the liberty of the press? The time for that is not come. But, then, says this irrepressible devotee, if you have not got the liberty of public meetings, or the liberty of the press, you have got what is far better. You have got the Chamber of Deputies, that keeper of the public purse; you have got the Senate, that solemn guardian of the fundamental pact; you have got the Council of State, that institution equally new and admirable, and which Duke PERSIGNY thinks would be absolutely perfect if its members had an opportunity of saying publicly what they thought. And the best of it is that these different centres of liberty solve the greatest of political problems in the best of all possible ways. The greatest of political problems is to have liberty and authority co-existing, and the Imperial institutions solve it. They allow liberty and authority to co-exist by entrusting them to different hands. Liberty goes on one path,

and authority goes on another, and so they never clash. The Chamber discusses when discussion is permitted, and the Senate looks after the fundamental pact, and the Council of State prepares the most useful measures, and in each liberty reigns supreme. But then authority is supreme, too, and need take no notice of liberty. It need not attend to the discussions of the Chamber, or trouble itself about the fundamental pact, or adopt the measures of the Council of State. Authority means the EMPEROR, and the EMPEROR can do as he likes. Thus liberty and authority go on happily side by side, and no more come into collision than two trains on parallel lines of rails. This is true liberty, and LOUIS NAPOLEON has founded it. Perhaps France does not care about liberty at all; but if there is any real wish for liberty, as the extreme anxiety of the Duke of PERSIGNY to show that the Empire provides for liberty would seem to imply, France will only, it may be assumed, be satisfied with the sort of liberty provided by LOUIS NAPOLEON, when the diners at the banquets of a Council-General are satisfied with looking at a painted dinner.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

THE suppression of the Polish insurrection, and the hopeless subjection of the country, have removed the controversy from the list of immediate political questions, and the vague sentiment which is designated as public opinion is now on its trial. Europe, though it has been unable or unwilling to prevent the triumph of wrong, has still the opportunity of understanding and condemning the policy of the Russian Government. Even barren indignation is better than sycophantic approval of victorious injustice. When a sound moral judgment is cherished, there is always a possibility that it may find some future occasion of expressing itself in action, and, under any circumstances, it is important that the revolutionary tendencies of uncontrolled power should be studied and denounced in their most flagrant example. Civilized Governments, and ordinary conditions of society, offer puzzling problems to students; but the policy of Russia in Poland is perfectly simple. The recent legislation of the Russian Government is avowedly intended to remodel the laws of property, at the pleasure of the Crown, for political purposes; and, if the enterprise escapes universal censure, the moral sense of the European community must be thoroughly corrupted. A wrong verdict, on clear evidence applied to a simple issue, is rather a crime than a mistake. The apologists of Russia owe their own absolute or comparative freedom to the prevalence of principles which they practically repudiate. There are, unfortunately, English writers whose blind hatred of liberal doctrines inclines them to defend the most leveling methods of confiscation if they are perpetrated by a despot; but French economists and politicians may claim the honour of fixing general attention on the hypocritical benevolence which the Russian Government exhibits to the Polish peasants, at the expense of the gentry. It is a satisfaction to believe that, if any class in Poland is ultimately benefited by the change, it will constitute a nursery of future malcontents and insurgents; for a Pole who acquires the rudiments of education and of self-respect always becomes an irreconcilable enemy of Russia. The steady discouragement of popular instruction during the reign of NICHOLAS has so far been found prudent that it has materially impeded the diffusion of patriotic feeling.

More than one able French writer has lately exposed the pretended emancipation of the Polish peasants, who had for some generations been exempt from serfage. The majority of the smaller occupiers enjoyed an estate of inheritance in their lands, on condition of paying a small rent in money or in labour to the superior owner of the soil. In many cases, the cottager voluntarily commuted his rent for personal service, which never exceeded the labour of one or two days in the week. The wealthier landowners promoted, as far as possible, the substitution of rent for labour, but the ancient custom of the country often prevailed over modern doctrines of economy. The best proof that no arbitrary change in the laws of property was required is to be found in a project of the Agricultural Society of Warsaw, which was dissolved by the Government before the outbreak of the insurrection. The Society framed a scheme by which every hereditary occupier could, without incurring any additional burden, enfranchise his land in twenty-eight years. The rent was to be paid during the interval to the Society, and the landlord was to be indemnified by a payment of five per cent. on the estimated value during the same term of twenty-eight years. As the arrangement was proposed by the landowners them-

selves, or by their accredited representatives, there can be no doubt that the plan would have been adopted by universal consent but for the opposition of the Government. With the abolition of chief rents the land would have become absolutely free, and it would have been gradually divided or aggregated, under the operation of natural laws, according to the economical wants and circumstances of the country. The large proprietors had long foreseen the future conversion of hereditary leaseholds into freeholds, and they had consequently, in many instances, rounded and consolidated their own domains by voluntary exchanges with their tenants. Mortgages, leases, and other incidents of property had also accumulated since the peasants had enjoyed definite rights in their land, and the rights of pasturage and of procuring fuel in the lord's wastes and woods were ascertained by custom or by tacit agreement. The Agricultural Society, which was virtually a Parliament of the landed proprietors, uniformly favoured the most equitable and liberal arrangements with the peasantry. The owner, or, in English phrase, the squire of every parish, was entitled to perform functions corresponding to those of a justice of the peace, and of the mayor of a French commune. As none of the other inhabitants in the rural districts could read or write, the only alternative of the arrangement would have been the supremacy of petty Russian officials. The functions of the local ruler were strictly limited, and there were no serious complaints of abuse, except when his authority was delegated to a bailiff or deputy. The serfage which existed in Russia till 1861 was totally unknown in the Kingdom of Poland.

At the commencement of the insurrection, the Secret Government unfortunately furnished a precedent for Russian confiscation by declaring that the peasant holders were henceforth to be absolutely exempt from all the rents and services which had hitherto formed the conditions of their tenure. The landlords were to be compensated by a charge on the National Treasury, according to valuations which were to be made at a more convenient season. No attempt was made to disturb the existing state of property, except by the enfranchisement of hereditary leaseholds. The owners were, perhaps, ill-satisfied with the exchange of their rents for contingent and undefined annuities, but they appear to have offered no active resistance to the measure. As the National Government never established its authority, the whole state of affairs was felt to be provisional, although the tenants probably took advantage of the decree to abstain from paying their former rents. The landowners retained their separate domains and their recent purchases; and they would perhaps have considered the emancipation of their country a sufficient equivalent for pecuniary losses which were estimated, independently of compensation, at about a million sterling a year. It would, indeed, have been better to incur almost any sacrifice than to submit to the tyrannical spoliation which has been effected by a series of Imperial ukases, issued during the present year. The wildest socialist projector has scarcely exceeded in his dreams the extravagant disregard of law and property which the Russian Government deliberately proclaims. By the terms of the first ukase, every peasant at once becomes absolute owner of any land which he may for the moment occupy. No distinction is made between the hereditary leaseholder and the labourer who may within the last year have rented a cabbage-garden from the owner. All rents are abolished; all arrears of rent are annulled; and it is expressly provided that, "notwithstanding all contracts and notarial stipulations under seal," personal property found on the land shall be absolutely transferred to the occupier. By a benevolent condescension of the legislator, the dwellings of gardeners and other servants adjacent to the mansion are specially excepted. If the gardener has been provided with a dwelling in the village, he becomes at once the owner in fee. By a refinement of iniquity, a peasant who has exchanged lands with the lord since 1846 may, at his pleasure, reclaim his former property. If the legitimate owner has since improved the land which he acquired by a voluntary transaction, so much the worse for the owner. All the crops, all the cattle, all the implements which may have been lent or hired, become the property of the peasant. On the other hand, he retains the rights of common and the other servitudes on the manorial domain which he may have previously enjoyed. Finally, all mortgages, contracts, and other liabilities affecting the lands of the peasant are absolutely annulled. Perhaps the assumption that all property depends absolutely on the will of the Government is more startling and more mischievous than the outrageous application of the dogma to the purposes of despotism and of vengeance. NEBUCHADNEZZAR or BELSHAZZAR would perhaps not have shocked Assyrian opinion by a

claim of unlimited sovereignty, but modern Europe is more sensitive. The proprietors are to be compensated by an annuity, which is to be fixed by a Commission with express reference to the loyalty and other merits of each separate owner. To rob a man, and then offer him part of the proceeds as a bribe, is a refinement of Russian ingenuity. It is easy to foresee that the greater part of the amount provided for compensation will cling to the hands of the Russian officials who are to distribute the grant at their pleasure. The Government has already provided itself by anticipation with the means of payment. A land-tax is to be levied not exceeding two-fifths of the value of the land transferred to the tenants, and it is also to extend to the residuary landowners. Practically, the peasants will hold, like Indian ryots, under the Crown, paying rent under the name of land-tax; and the larger proprietors will have, in a great measure, to find the money by which their own rents are to be redeemed. It is carefully provided that the peasant freeholds shall only be alienable to purchasers of the same class, so that the mediæval distinction between different portions of the country is introduced into Poland in the nineteenth century. The jurisdiction of the gentry is abolished, nominally in favour of local councils, and with the inevitable effect of subjecting the minutest details of administration to the control of Russian functionaries. It is evident that a Government which can effect so sweeping a re-partition of property will not be restrained by any regard even for the consequences of its own dispositions. Until Poland recovers some degree of independence, the EMPEROR will be absolute master of every acre of land in the country and of every article of personal property, although he may for the present allow the gentry or the peasants the temporary usufruct.

THE SEIZURE OF THE GEORGIA.

THE seizure of the *Georgia* has raised a point of international law which might furnish matter for much ingenious argument in England, but which will, we suspect, be decided very summarily by an American tribunal. The facts of the case appear to be these:—The *Georgia*, after a successful career as a Confederate cruiser, came into the port of Liverpool, and, being closely watched there by a Federal ship of war, and utterly unqualified to fight her way out, was sold by the agents of the Confederate States to a British merchant. The purchaser, Mr. BATES, was, however, determined that every precaution should be taken to give all possible validity to the sale. He applied to have the ship registered as a British vessel, and his demand was complied with in the ordinary course of business. The authorities are said to have conveyed a warning that the registration did not imply that, in their opinion, the transfer was legal; but at any rate they may have considered that, even if the transfer were invalid, it was for the belligerent aggrieved to redress his own wrongs, and that registration merely implied that a sale had been duly effected to an English subject in an English port. Mr. BATES also carefully avoided every appearance of collusion. He still retained the name of the *Georgia*, and thus invited the attention of every one concerned to the transaction in which he was engaged. He found an excellent opportunity of marking the peaceful character of his ship by engaging with the Portuguese Government that she should perform a voyage between Lisbon and some of the Portuguese dependencies; and the charter-party provided that the vessel should receive such alterations as would relieve her of her warlike character and fit her for the carriage of passengers and goods. These alterations were effected, and the vessel, when put in the condition required, was sent to sea only under the express orders of the Portuguese Minister in London. Thus the greatest solicitude was displayed to place three points beyond discussion. In the first place, the retention of the name showed that no deception was intended; in the second place, the vessel was so equipped as to be plainly intended for the purposes of peace, and not for those of war; and, in the third place, a neutral Government was engaged to stamp with an official character the innocent destination of the vessel in her new condition. Satisfied with these precautions, Mr. BATES sent her to sea, and treated with contempt the threats of seizure by the Federals which were held out to him. He seems to have persuaded himself that she was so much of a British ship, and that the law was so undoubtedly on his side, that, even if the Federals seized her, she would be reclaimed by the English Government. The captain of the Federal cruiser was, however, equally positive that the law was in his favour, and equally determined that the matter should be brought to an

issue. When about twenty miles from Lisbon, the *Georgia* was seized by the Federal cruiser *Niagara*, and is now on her way to the other side of the Atlantic, to be disposed of as the Federal tribunals may direct.

Mr. BATES is said to have acted under legal advice, and to have been assured that right was on his side. It is also said that he found the means of insuring her against capture up to a very large portion of her value, and it is scarcely likely that insurance offices would accept the risk unless they had satisfied themselves that the transfer was legally valid. And yet any one who consults the text-books on international law will find it laid down, in the clearest and most unqualified manner, that the transfer of a ship of war from a belligerent to a neutral is invalid. But then the chief, if not the only, authority for the proposition is the decision of Lord STOWELL in the case of the *Minerva*. This was a vessel of war belonging to the Dutch Government, which had been chased by English cruisers into the neutral port of Bergen. There she had been purchased by a certain Lord of KNIPHAUSEN, who appears to have been some sort of Continental Sovereign, and who is always spoken of by Lord STOWELL with much respect as an "august person." She sailed from Bergen to this potentate's private port of the river Jade, and on her way she was captured by an English man-of-war. The Lord of KNIPHAUSEN claimed that she should be given up to him, but the August Person claimed in vain. Lord STOWELL held that the transfer was altogether invalid, and he based his judgment, among other things, on the argument that it was not lawful for a neutral to help one belligerent by shielding him so far against the superior force of the other belligerent as to give him the value of a vessel which he could not get out to sea. This seems clear enough, and if Lord STOWELL had stopped there, it is probable that Mr. BATES would never have been advised to run the risk he did. But Lord STOWELL went on to comment on the peculiar circumstances of the case before him. He pointed out the great danger there would be, if such transfers were held valid, lest the sale should be merely a colourable one, and the ship should quickly resume her warlike character in the service of the belligerent who had sold her. He commented on the ease with which she might have been run into a Dutch port on her way from Bergen to the Jade, and on the absence of any person on board to represent the Lord of KNIPHAUSEN, and to give the guarantee of his presence that the vessel was really intended for the peaceful purposes proper to so harmless a State. The *Minerva* was condemned, in short, not simply because she had been illegally transferred to a neutral, but because the circumstances of the transfer were such as to raise the presumption that she would resume at the earliest opportunity the character of a Dutch man-of-war. The August Person was merely a dummy acting for the Dutch Government. And here Mr. BATES had made himself safe. He had placed the peaceful character of his ship beyond doubt. He had made it clear that she was engaged in the Portuguese service, and he had got the Portuguese Government to give it officially that guarantee of innocence which the August Person certainly failed to give the *Minerva*, when he entrusted the management of the vessel "to an old Dutchman, who, though he said "he was a burgher of Kniphausen, had never set his foot in "the place."

It is evident that when, under the most favourable view of the case, so many circumstances must combine to relieve the vessel from liability to condemnation, there is nothing to resent in the act of a Federal officer who determines that the established tribunals of his country shall decide whether this delicate combination exists. But what is, and what ought to be, the general doctrine of international law on the point? Is the transfer of a ship of war from a belligerent to a neutral invalid in every case? or is it only invalid where, as in the case of the *Minerva*, there is room to suspect that she is again intended for the warlike purposes of the vendors? The reason given by Lord STOWELL for holding the transfer in every case invalid—namely, that the belligerent selling the ship thereby escapes the consequences of his inferiority at sea to the extent of receiving the value of the vessel—is not perfectly satisfactory. For it is hard in this respect to draw a line between ships of war and merchant ships. If a merchant ship is chased by a belligerent cruiser into a neutral port, and then sold, it is evident that the transfer relieves the owner of the merchant ship from the loss to which the capture of his vessel would have exposed him, and that the capturing vessel is deprived of the prize she expected to secure. Whether it is a vessel of war or a merchant vessel that is sold, the neutral interferes to get the weaker belligerent out of a scrape.

The French law, in fact, refuses to recognise any difference between the two cases, and holds that all transfers of ships, whatever may be their character, are invalid when made by a belligerent to a neutral. In America and in England, however, such transfers are held valid when the subject of the transfer is a merchantman; and therefore, if there is no real distinction between the two cases, it might seem that the transfer of a man-of-war ought also to be held valid here, if indisputable evidence of the future peaceable character of the vessel is given. But we think we may assume that the American tribunals, having once got hold of the *Georgia*, will not let her go, and if they lay down the rule that such transfers are in all cases absolutely invalid, the decision is not one that England need much regret. Everything that discourages the issue from neutral ports of vessels intended to do what the *Georgia* has done, is a gain to a nation that has so enormous a commerce to protect as England has; and that these vessels, if driven into neutral ports by English enemies, cannot be sold, must necessarily operate as a discouragement. If the case is really a new one in international law, it must be now decided one way or other for the first time; and, considering that the French law is absolutely against the validity of the transfer, and that the English law, as set forth by Lord Stowell, leans, however vaguely and indecisively, against the validity, we shall have no reason to complain if the American Courts settle the point in a way that conduces to our national interests.

GENEVA.

WHEN the disturbances at Geneva are better understood, they will perhaps be useful to political observers as reduced models or abridged editions of more formidable revolutionary movements. Up to the present time, the riots are apparently not more serious than the recent troubles at Belfast, and they were probably produced by similar feelings of mutual animosity between two sections of the community. Belfast, however, has the advantage of a purely local and provincial position, which brings it within the wholesome though tardy influence of Imperial administration. There was no definite political object to be attained by street-fighting, for neither the dock-labourers nor the ship-carpenters aspired to govern the town. Heads were broken for the pleasure of breaking heads, and as a protest against Protestant ascendancy, or against the favour shown to Roman Catholics at Dublin Castle. The lawfully elected Mayor of Belfast, though he took the opportunity of visiting Harrogate in the middle of the riots, still retains undisputed possession of the civic chair. Geneva also is fortunate in the partial control and protection of the Swiss Federal authorities; but, for certain purposes, the Canton governs, or professes to govern, itself. The ostensible cause of quarrel was not vague dislike or sudden provocation, but a contest for a vacancy in the Council of the State. One of the candidates, M. JAMES FAZY, has acquired notoriety beyond the limits of the Canton by his lasting popularity founded on Radical professions, and on his personal energy and eloquence. Although he has only held constitutional offices, he has sometimes exercised the power of a dictator, and he has been accused by his enemies of the tendencies which, in the city republics of ancient Greece, belonged to the usurping demagogues who first bore the name of Tyrants. At the time of the annexation of Savoy, M. FAZY was charged with the more serious crime of favouring French encroachment, but it is not improbable that the suspicion originated in party prejudice. It is evident that the independence of Geneva is endangered by the inclusion of the southern shore of the Lake in the territory of the French Empire, but the Canton and the Confederation were equally powerless to prevent the annexation, and thus far there has been no open attempt to tamper with the allegiance of Geneva to the Swiss Republic. As, however, the project, if it were hereafter attempted, would require the accommodating aid of universal suffrage, it is not surprising that the leader of the mob should be regarded as the possible instrument of foreign ambition. It would seem that, for the time, M. FAZY's influence has been shaken. The Conservative party is for the moment the stronger, and Conservatism at Geneva probably means opposition to M. FAZY.

The official accounts of the revolutionary movement, or riot, are so obscure that they indicate a disposition to slur over the real merits of the transaction. It seems that the validity of elections to the Council of State or Executive body is constitutionally ascertained by a Committee, chosen by lot, from the Legislature or General Council. In a contest which occurred a fortnight ago, the Conservative candidate obtained a larger number of votes than M. FAZY; but extreme democrats, from

the days of the Jacobins, have always disputed the results of universal suffrage when their opponents happen to command a majority. The ballot for the Committee of the General Council had returned more than two Radicals to one Conservative, and accordingly the Committee, not venturing on an open defiance of the rules of arithmetic, declared, apparently without any plausible pretext, that the election was void. There was not the smallest doubt that M. CHENEVIÈRE, the Conservative candidate, had beaten his competitor by the respectable majority of 326 votes; but it is difficult to obtain redress by regular means, if a constitutional body, acting within the limits of its attributes, deliberately violates its duties from factious motives. The Conservative party, justly indignant, assembled in the streets, and proceeded to the office of the Council of State to demand the admission of the representative of the majority. The President of the General Council confirmed the statement that the Committee had given a perverse decision, but the President of the Council of State declared that the body to which he belonged had no authority to correct the injustice. As the Conservative crowd still occupied the streets, the President of the Council of State at last published an ambiguous proclamation, in which he recorded the result of the poll, and announced that the General Council would be convoked to deliberate on the matter. The police-officer who was directed to read the proclamation was interrupted, and the State Council, under popular coercion, seems at last to have entered into negotiations with the crowd.

From this time, according to the official reporter, who has perhaps reasons of his own for confusing facts and dates, it is impossible to follow the exact course of events. The Conservative crowd marched towards the quarter of St. Gervais, which is inhabited by Radicals, and the doors of the Town Hall were broken open, apparently without result. After a time, as in the parallel case of Belfast, a shot was fired by the St. Gervais party, and a report was spread that several persons had been killed or wounded. The Radicals professed to believe that the Council of State was kept in durance by their opponents, and, like the Roman Catholics of Belfast, they immediately took up arms. The public arsenal was broken open, weapons were distributed to the mob, or perhaps to the hostile mobs, and an armed body, apparently of the Conservative party, occupied the hall of the State Council, and prohibited communication with the town. The Government, however, contrived to send an order to the commander of the militia to occupy the Town Hall, and a message was secretly despatched to the Federal Council. The acting President, who seems to have sympathized with M. FAZY's party, published an instructive proclamation, in which he requested all the citizens of Geneva to unite in preserving order. As all the fighting citizens of Geneva were at the time engaged in the opposite occupation of rioting, it was hardly worth the while of certain ill-disposed persons to present their bayonets to the Vice-President when he attempted to leave the hall for the purpose of publishing the innocuous document. The Radicals of St. Gervais were deterred from rescuing their friends of the State Council by the threat that, if they advanced, the Councillors should be instantly shot. The popular party was therefore forced to console itself for the time by the erection of barricades. On the arrival of the militia at the Town Hall, the Radicals insisted that the State Council should be allowed, in proof of its freedom from restraint, to visit St. Gervais, and ultimately the members of the Government went out and returned with comparatively little impediment. Four persons were killed during the disturbances by M. FAZY's friends, and order was only restored at last by the arrival of a Federal battalion. The public excitement has not, however, yet subsided, and it has been judged necessary to send additional bodies of Federal troops from Berne.

It is much to be regretted that petty ambitions and discontents should disturb the peace of a city which is almost surrounded by the territory of France. The town and neighbourhood are among the richest portions of the civilized world, and yet the owners of property are excluded as completely as the gentry of Marylebone from the exercise of political power. As the insignificant politics of a miniature Republic are neither interesting nor attractive, the wealthier classes would probably be content with their exclusion from office if they were moderately well governed. The majority acquired by the Conservative candidate seems to show that a reaction has arisen, and the injustice and subsequent violence of M. FAZY's faction explain and justify the change. A similar spirit of resistance to the misgovernment of the municipal nominees of the multitude has for some time been growing up in the city of New York; but even when the

balance of numbers turns against democracy, the real mob generally prevails against its respectable opponents. In the present case, it may be hoped that all parties will acquiesce in the intervention of the Federal Government, which is deeply interested in the speedy restoration of order. The supposed leaning of the Radical leader to a French protectorate will of itself cause reasonable anxiety. Switzerland is probably still sufficiently strong and resolute to defend its ancient territory, but Geneva lies at the mercy of a powerful neighbour, and the independence of petty States has lately lost much of the security which formerly existed. It may be hoped that either the Federal authority or the Genevese Constitution will supply a remedy for the flagrant wrong which was originally perpetrated by the Radical Committee of the General Council. If either party at Belfast could have alleged a similar grievance, the rioters on both sides would not have deserved or received impartial condemnation. It is less offensive to exclude voters by force, or even to falsify the poll-books, than to declare that an admitted majority shall not effect the return of a candidate. Universal suffrage, if it regards nothing else, ought at least to respect itself. Before the next election, M. FAZY will probably find means to recover his position.

THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS.

THE peculiar development which hero-worship has recently taken in this country makes it very desirable that people in exalted positions should not be afflicted with the misfortune of shyness. In America, popular goodwill has to be conciliated by direct personal appearance before the people, and to a great extent by constant contact with them. "Going on the stump," and "the pump-handle movement," are the two tributes paid in the land of freedom to the supremacy of popular principles. With us, matters are not quite so bad, although they are getting worse every year. The oratorical treadmill upon which our chief statesmen have to go in the season of the year when they are supposed to take a holiday is of itself a sufficient warning to ambition; and, from the celebrated "Give us your paw young'un" story, it is evident that, when Lord PALMERSTON visits a go-ahead town like Bradford, he thinks that something of the Yankee pump-handle must be introduced. But it is pictorially that our principal statesmen are chiefly doomed to suffer. The enormous facilities for multiplying likenesses which have been created by modern discovery are in perpetual requisition to introduce the ruler to the ruled. One of the newest, and at the same time one of the most cruel, devices of this kind is one that has been conceived by an enterprising tailor for the purpose of bringing the peculiar cut of his garments before the public eye. Eighteen victims of more or less distinction are selected, and portraits of them are circulated wearing eighteen of the habiliments upon which the ingenious tradesman chiefly prides himself. The QUEEN serves as an advertising block for a Basque habit, and the form of the Princess ALEXANDRA is devoted to displaying the elegant proportions of the swallow-tail. Lord PALMERSTON figures in a negligée suit, Lord RUSSELL is selected as the fittest model for exhibiting the merits of a "riding suit," Lord DERBY wears the honours of a "Chesterfield overcoat," and Mr. DISRAELI, from some ethnological confusion in the mind of the artist which it is difficult to trace, appears as the ideal wearer of the "Inverness cape." But the chief sufferings of our public men are from the new art of photography. Since the cheap *carte de visite* came into fashion, and still more since it became the correct thing to have a *carte de visite* album on everybody's table, the furious demand of the public for likenesses to fill these albums has been quite uncontrollable, and the consequent labour thrown on photographers and their sitters has been very great. There is no need to pity the photographers, for they are well paid for their labours, and the more furious the demand becomes, the better they will like it. But the Cabinet Minister's case is a harder one. There are three principal duties which attach to his eminent position. He has to manage his department, to attend in his place in Parliament, and to sit for his *carte de visite*. The first two duties are considered in the Estimates; but the last, and (upon a hot day) the heaviest, has to be performed gratuitously. Of course it is necessary, in so many sittings, to contrive a little variety, and the ingenuity which must be brought to bear to attain this end cannot but be very exhausting. The Bishop of OXFORD—who, in this as in other matters, loves to accumulate labour, and is photographed as often as a Cabinet Minister—is satisfied with striking out as many attitudes, in relation to a

curtain and a pillar, as the restricted number of human limbs will permit. But the changes which can be rung upon this combination are necessarily limited. You cannot do much with a pillar except lean upon it, and, unless you stand in front of a curtain, you can do nothing else with it except get it between your legs. Mr. GLADSTONE has preferred the more fertile resource of different changes of dress, and with no little ingenuity he has made them symbolize the particular phase of political existence through which he happens to be passing. When he was the great Finance Minister carrying out the great treaty, he presented himself to the photographer in the official dress of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. But finance has fallen a little into the background of late. Other aspirations have taken the place of those of the pure financier; other claims to a possible Premiership than those which rest upon the suffrages of the trading community are being sedulously cultivated. Accordingly, Mr. GLADSTONE presents himself before the lens in the Court-dress of a Privy Councillor. It is not a pretty dress. On the contrary, a profane stranger, unacquainted with its sacred associations, would describe it as something between the dresses of a postilion and a buffoon. It is, in fact, rather an extreme specimen of the taste which governs the selection of most of our Court costumes. It required some courage in a grave statesman to have himself immortalized in white kerseymere shorts; but no doubt Mr. GLADSTONE felt that the dress, though ugly, was symbolical of a present policy, and prophetic of a brilliant future.

But it is upon Lord PALMERSTON that the chief burden of the Administration falls in the photographic, as in every other, department of Ministerial duty. We are informed by the journals most in his confidence that, at the end of July last, he honoured the Stereoscopic Company with a sitting at which no less than four dozen negatives were taken. There are very few people who are not able, from their own recollections, to illustrate the amount of endurance which this announcement reveals. The retreat of a photographer, built at the top of a tall house, roofed in with glass like a hot-house, and concentrating the rays of the sun almost with the force of a burning-glass, is probably the hottest place of confinement known to human suffering on this side of Calcutta. Allowing two minutes and a half to each negative—and very few sitters escape from the oven at half so cheap a rate—the PRIME MINISTER must have undergone at least a good two hours' thorough baking, under the full power of a July sun, in his anxiety to "spread his likeness broadcast o'er the land." When he took office, he probably never calculated on labours such as these. The Treasury Bench does not look comfortable, and there must be a monotony in the sensation it communicates when you have to sit on it for nine or ten hours a day. But it must be pleasant, and even luxurious, compared to a protracted session in a photographer's bakery. Listening to his own colleague, Mr. DENMAN, upon the case of the Baron DE BODE, is usually supposed to have been the severest trial to which even the veteran PRIME MINISTER and the well-seasoned officials of the House were ever exposed; but it must have been an exciting pastime compared to posing for two hours before a lens in a hothouse. It cannot be said that all this labour has produced much variety in the resulting portraits. The object of them all is much the same as the object of the numerous speeches which the PREMIER has spent the month of August in making. Both equally serve the purpose of advertizing unabated juvenility to the world. This object the photographs undoubtedly effect, for the positions are carefully selected, and great vigour of posture, and some vivacity of expression, is preserved. No one would gather from them that our PRIME MINISTER was a joker of jokes, or that he owes much of his continued success to the dexterity with which he deadens the thrust of an attack by shielding himself behind a defence of particularly bad chaff. The face is anything but merry or cheerful. It is the weary face of one who has been much in Courts, and knows how to go resignedly through any amount of ennui. In some, probably those which came early in the portentous sitting, there is an expression of business-like attention, as though the sitter was still fresh, and could fancy himself transacting his ordinary official duties. Some even look contemptuous, and half-smiling, as though he enjoyed the absurdity of the position. But as the series goes on, the countenance becomes more and more dead, the eyes more and more destitute of expression, as though his force were yielding to the oppressive influences of the hour. At length this change of feature culminates in one which must evidently have been the last of the series, and which is deeply pathetic. It bears the lineaments of a man heroically struggling, but on the point of giving way. The powers of endurance have failed at last. It seems to say, in

tones of despairing remonstrance, "I am but a man of eighty, "after all; you have put me through what half my colleagues "would have fainted under—how can you expect me to "stand quite still and wear a tranquil expression of countenance for the forty-eighth picture?" A copy of the *carte* ought to be presented to all promising undergraduates in either University who are likely to take to politics, as a warning of what successful statesmen have to go through.

INDIAN CURRENCY.

IT would need more precise information as to the details of the new currency scheme for India to enable any one to pronounce absolutely on its merits; but, on the first blush of it, there is room for much doubt whether the manner in which it is proposed to introduce the use of gold is defensible on any grounds of experience or science. The theory of currency, though often regarded as something terribly abstruse, is really one of the simplest things in the world. To avoid the inconvenience of barter, some definite symbol of value is essential; and, but for the liability to over-issue, pieces of paper duly stamped and signed and guarded against forgery—and, if that were possible, universally recognised—would be the best, because the least costly and the most arbitrary. No alteration in the productive powers of the world, no turning-up of new discoveries of gold mines, would disturb a universal currency of this description; and experience has taught us that, if it were not for the risk—approaching in many contingencies, as now in the case of America, to the absolute necessity—of over-issue, no fear of ultimate repudiation would affect for a single moment the purchasing power of a once-recognised paper currency. The reasons why, notwithstanding these advantages, it is found essential to employ tokens of exchange having an intrinsic value of their own, will suffice to show that the project which appears to be in favour for India is by no means the best imaginable system, even if, under the circumstances, it should prove to be the best or the only practicable plan. The first conclusive objection to the use of mere paper money is, that there is no possibility of putting a check upon excessive issues. You can, in modern times, prevent any civilized Government from debasing its metallic coin, though it is only in modern times that the temptation has been resisted. But no limit can be put on the manufacture of paper money; for it would be idle to fix its amount by legislation when the growth of population and commerce may constantly require a certain increase, or the development of new banking contrivances may almost necessitate a decrease, in its amount. A second fatal objection to such a project is the impossibility of establishing a common standard for all nations, or of fixing any rates of exchange for arbitrary tokens, the purchasing power of which might be altered at a moment's notice by any country in the world. The two desiderata are fixity of standard and universal recognition.

Now precisely the same reasons which induce us to employ a metallic basis at all point to the use of one, and only one, standard. If it were practicable, it would be extremely desirable to have the same standard throughout the whole commercial world. It is of very small, almost imaginary, importance that the coins should be nominally identical, for, if a common standard of reference existed, the adjustments would be simple enough. But even this is not yet secured. Some nations employ a gold, others a silver, standard; while in France and elsewhere the unphilosophical plan of a double standard is maintained. These are inconveniences which have only not been seriously felt because the derangement of the relative value of gold and silver goes on very slowly indeed—much less rapidly, in fact, than theorists had generally expected. Still, the scheme of a double currency is radically unsound, and it is scarcely less so to employ a gold standard in one part of an empire and a silver standard in another. This is what we have hitherto done. We take gold as the measure of value at home, and silver as the measure of value in India; and, now that the whole currency of our Eastern dominions is undergoing a vast revolution, it does seem of all things desirable that the opportunity of assimilating it to that of the home country should not be lost. It may be, at first sight, supposed that the introduction of the sovereign as a recognised Indian coin is a step in this direction, but the truth is just the other way. What seems to be proposed is to employ the sovereign, not as an equivalent of the same coin in England, but as the representative of ten silver rupees. Ten rupees in India are worth more than a sovereign at the rates of exchange which have lately prevailed, and a London merchant who had a debt to pay in India would find it more to his interest to export

the amount in sovereigns than to buy a bill of exchange on a Calcutta house. The new scheme is calculated to give an artificial value to the sovereign in India, or, in other words, to offer a premium for its importation into that country, and thus not only to interfere with the English market, but to strike at the root of all our modern legislation on the subject, which rests on the basis of leaving the flow of precious metals altogether undisturbed by bounty or prohibition.

There is one possible justification for the scheme, and only one, and that would be the absolute impracticability of introducing gold as the standard of value in India as well as in England; but we know of no difficulties (serious, no doubt, as many of them may be) which can fairly be considered as fatal to such a revolution. One thing, however, is certain—that an expansion of currency is absolutely required by the rapid industrial growth of India. By degrees, of course, the void will fill itself, and that it has been doing so is abundantly proved by the steady influx of silver for many years past. But some legislative aid may well be applied to hasten the process, and the establishment of a paper currency, based like our own on specie, and convertible at will, has been a judicious step in this direction. Perhaps it has been taken more cautiously than was absolutely required, and we are not sure that, even on the score of safety itself, it would not have been wiser to make the issue of notes much more rapidly, the due foundation of specie being first secured. At any rate, the new paper has not checked the demand for coin, and in some form or other it is beginning to be apparent that gold must be admitted to make up for the deficiency in the supply of silver. Perhaps, under such circumstances, the plan of bringing in the English sovereign in a new character, as a coin subsidiary to the rupee, may be preferable to absolute inaction in the matter; but we repeat that it can only be defended on the hypothesis that a change of standard from silver to gold would be too great a shock for the Indian community to bear. Beyond the immediate effect of stimulating the importation of sovereigns into India, it is not easy to foresee the precise results of a measure which attempts to give to the same coin a different arbitrary value in one part of the QUEEN'S dominions from that which it bears in another. The primary object of all coinage, however, is forgotten when any opportunity for introducing unity of currency in different parts of the Empire is neglected, and still more when it is deliberately set at nought, as it is by the use, as an Indian symbol for a certain number of rupees, of the very coin which we make use of on an entirely different footing. If it is essential to make gold the subordinate currency in India, instead of replacing the rupee by the English standard, it would seem better to use a new gold coin, leaving its value in relation to the sovereign to adjust itself according to the rate of exchange. That there are conveniences in the employment of a coin of which so many millions are in actual circulation may be true, but it is not easy to comprehend how they can have prevailed in the Indian Councils over the obvious objections to the unsound device of giving a double significance to the same coin. The subject, however, has been long discussed, and Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN'S decision will, we suppose, be final—the more especially if it be true, as stated, that the current opinion in India is in favour of his scheme.

The fact probably is that any proposal for facilitating the use of gold as currency would be welcomed in a community whose transactions are so rapidly outgrowing the machinery for exchange; and, whatever may be thought of the precise remedy proposed, there is room for nothing but congratulation on the causes which have led to its adoption. The cry for more coin which has been so persistently uttered in India is the most wholesome complaint which could be heard from any country. It means more industry and more profit, larger ventures and increased wages, waste lands blossoming into fertility, and commercial enterprise filling the whole land with activity and life. By the side of these symptoms of real growth, no defects of financial machinery, scarcely even more serious faults of administration, need fill us with alarm. A people springing into new life, as India is doing, can scarcely be checked in its onward progress, except by the scourge of war or the diversion, by external causes, of the flow of commercial intercourse. Some blow of this nature will perhaps be felt whenever an American peace shall try the mettle of Indian cultivators in competition with stronger rivals. But there is some reason to hope that, before that time arrives, the Indian cotton trade itself will be too well established to be altogether displaced; and even if it should be reduced to its former subordinate position, there are other

industries which have been scarcely less developed, and which will probably make a fruitful use of all the currency—whether rupees, sovereigns, or notes—with which Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN may provide the country, or allow it to provide itself.

AMERICA.

GENERAL GRANT'S slow progress, interspersed with frequent defeats, has enabled General LEE both to relieve the pressure on his magazines and to effect useful operations in different quarters. The Federal Government, after repeated disasters, has been forced to collect a respectable force in the Shenandoah Valley, under the command of a general of reputation. General EARLY and General SHERIDAN were, till very lately, alternately advancing and retreating between Strasburg and Winchester; but it is now reported that SHERIDAN has, like his numerous and unlucky predecessors, been defeated and driven to Harper's Ferry. If the rumour is true, the invasion of Northern territory may be resumed. Meanwhile, a large part of LEE's forces has been spared to reinforce the Western army, or to defend Mobile from the combined operations of Admiral FARRAGUT and General GRANGER. As the strength of the Federal land force at Mobile has not been stated, there are no means of judging whether the garrison of the town is sufficient to defend it. It is not impossible that undue reliance may have been placed on the *Tennessee*, which actually fought the whole Federal fleet of more than twenty frigates and gunboats for an hour and a half. On the whole, it may be conjectured that the attack which was crowned with so brilliant a success was intended rather as a diversion in favour of SHERMAN than for the purpose of taking Mobile; and it is also possible that Admiral FARRAGUT may have had a secret understanding with the traitor who surrendered Fort Gaines, with its garrison and stores. Fort Morgan had, according to the latest accounts, sustained the fire of the fleet without damage, and Mobile is out of the reach of large vessels. As the Federal fleet has been almost wholly idle since the beginning of the year, there seems no reason why an enterprising officer should have deferred the expedition to the end of the summer, if he thought the conquest of Mobile practicable. Since SHERMAN was beaten back in his advance from Memphis, Admiral FARRAGUT has remained inactive on the coast, except when he has busied himself with the comparatively unimportant duty of patrolling the Mississippi. An addition of 20,000 men to Hood's force at Atlanta would probably turn the balance of numbers against the invader. General SHERMAN has incurred considerable losses in his unsuccessful efforts to invest the town, and, unless troops have been withdrawn from GRANT's army as well as from LEE's, the Government of Washington can scarcely have disposed of any considerable reinforcements. The enforced retreat of SHERMAN to Chattanooga would probably decide the fate of the campaign on both sides of the mountains; but at present there is no indication of any retrograde movement.

The partial dispersion of LEE's army to the West and to the North accounts for the obstinate perseverance of GRANT, notwithstanding all his successive failures. He is now supposed to have seen that the success of his operations depends on the aid of gun-boats, and it is reported that he is cutting a canal through a peninsula which intervenes between his camp and Fort Darling. The Federal engineers are skilful and daring, nor is it to be inferred that the James River is incapable of being diverted because the vast stream of the Mississippi formerly proved unmanageable. Yet the proposed method of evading the obstructions in the existing channel of the river seems cumbrous and expensive, and, even if the experiment succeeds, the gun-boats will only have found a way to the neighbourhood of Fort Darling, which easily repelled M'CLELLAN's flotilla. It must, however, be assumed that GRANT has some feasible project in his thoughts, as he has expended a thousand men in a feint which was intended to cover some more serious movement. His schemes would seem more plausible if they were not obviously the remaining alternative of previous plans of campaign which have successively broken down. When he passed the Rapidan, he never intended to enter the Virginian peninsula, nor would he afterwards have crossed the James if he had found Richmond assailable on the side of the Chickahominy. The month which was spent in preparing the mine in front of Petersburg was, as the event proved, utterly wasted; and, if a profound and original method of taking Richmond has at last been devised, the discovery is undoubtedly subsequent to the 25th of July. If LEE could have afforded to keep his army together, he would probably, by

this time, be more than a match for his adversary. The importance of the principal object of the campaign is so enormous that the Confederate Commander-in-Chief and his Government cannot be suspected of having, even under the most urgent pressure in other quarters, risked the security of the capital. It is even probable that they may wish to detain General GRANT in front of Richmond, rather than to place his army at the disposal of the PRESIDENT for operations in Western Virginia, Tennessee, and Georgia. It will be strange if the afterthought of an afterthought is rewarded with victory. A plaintiff who has failed in the part of his case on which he had relied seldom wins a verdict on the common or formal counts of his declaration. SHERMAN, who never wavered in his advance till he paused before the defences of Atlanta, may claim for himself the credit of consistency, as well as of indomitable resolution.

The inability of the new Federal SECRETARY of the TREASURY to provide any remedy for financial difficulties seems to have distracted general interest from the affairs of his department. The military operations cost from two to three millions sterling a week, and the campaign is indefinitely prolonged. The taxes are beginning to excite general dissatisfaction; the merchants find that the tariff benefits only the New Englanders and Pennsylvanians who framed it; and the loan is taken so slowly that the public receipts fall every day more hopelessly in arrear of the expenditure. As there has been no recent advance in the price of gold, it may be assumed that Mr. FESSENDEN has abstained from any considerable addition to the paper currency; and difficulties are probably postponed for the present by the simple process of not discharging the national liabilities to the army and navy and to contractors. During the last year, the Federal Government has found an unexpected resource in the eagerness for high interest which has created markets for American securities at Amsterdam and Frankfurt; but the demand is now subsiding, nor will the fraudulent acts of the State Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania increase foreign confidence in the good faith of the Union. The price of the Confederate Cotton Loan is twice as high as that of Federal securities which bear an equal rate of interest. The reason is, that the Southern loan is secured by tangible cotton, and the Northern by the credit of a Federation which includes at least three repudiating members. A portion of the cotton loan has already been paid off by remittances of the staple, and the Southern journals assert that a balance is accumulating in Europe to the credit of their Government. Their internal embarrassments have been partially relieved by a contraction of the currency which partakes of the character of a national bankruptcy. When a State is engaged in a desperate struggle for existence, the arbitrary commutation of a domestic debt is only a rough form of taxation; and, indeed, the fiscal machinery of the Government has scarcely been able to reach property in any other shape. The vigour of the measures which have been adopted is proved by the singular circumstance that the expenditure of six months falls short of the estimates by about one-half. The saving is not in the material outlay, but in the prices of goods, or, in other words, in the value of the currency. As a large further reduction of paper issues is still impending, the same process will be repeated; and probably Mr. TRENHOLM, who has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, after making a fortune by running the blockade, will obtain a portion of the credit which more properly belongs to his predecessor, Mr. MEMMINGER.

The prospects of eventual pacification are perhaps enlarged by the disposition of the Democratic party to nominate General M'CLELLAN for the Presidency. No rival candidate is at the same time equally well known, and as conveniently free from the burden of political pledges. The Convention at Chicago, though it will be forced to agree on a platform or profession of opinion, will have strong reasons for confining itself, as far as possible, to vague and elastic propositions. Triumph is hopeless unless the Democrats can hold out to the country a prospect of peace, but some brilliant achievement of GRANT, or SHERMAN, or FARRAGUT would revive the confidence of the North, and render it necessary to adhere to the scheme of forcible reunion. On both sides peace is for the first time openly recommended, and some Southern politicians offer even to reconsider the renewal of the Union. The beginning of negotiation, especially if it were accompanied by an armistice, would decide the question of peace and war. For the present, the belligerents are unlikely to agree, even on the preliminary conditions of a truce; but discussion of the subject removes many of the obstacles which have hitherto seemed to render peace impossible. If

General M'CLELLAN'S rivals were removed from his path by defeat, his military reputation would facilitate his adoption of a moderate policy. In a time of disappointment there is a great advantage in standing aside for a while, especially when seclusion is the result of envy or injustice. If the Democrats select the most eligible candidate, and negative by their proposals the blunders of their adversaries, they have no reason to despair of regaining the supremacy which they lost by the secession of their Southern allies.

BRIBERY.

A COMMITTEE of that sanguine and long-winded body, the National Social Science Association, consisting of the Rev. F. MAURICE, Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, Mr. CHRISTIE, and Mr. CHADWICK, have resolved upon a crusade against Bribery at Elections, and they have been making speeches and writing pamphlets on the subject, which have been given to the world by Miss EMILY FAITHFULL. The names of Mr. CHADWICK and Miss EMILY FAITHFULL are a sufficient guarantee to the public that the project which is in contemplation will not err on the side of being too commonplace, too trivial, or too limited in its scope. The programme that has been put forth entirely fulfils any expectations which might be entertained in that respect. The new organization proposes to abolish, not only the perquisites which a large class of electors have been accustomed to attach to their conception of the franchise, but all payments to lawyers or others for agency or canvassing, all payments to public-houses for the use of committee-rooms, all payments to the owners of conveyances for taking voters to the poll. In short, from the day upon which this Committee succeeds in attaining its object, no lawyer and no publican will ever again derive any benefit from an election. The means by which this magnificent conception is to be realized is by an appeal to the moral sense of the leading politicians in the various constituencies, who are generally lawyers or publicans, in the form of a large circulation of pamphlets among them. We wish the Committee good speed in their hopeful undertaking, and trust they may find the moral sense of the lawyers and the publicans as sensitive as they anticipate. Since Mrs. PARTINGTON sallied forth with her mop, such a gallant enterprise has never been heard of. Other modes of effecting the object are suggested which are equally striking and practical. Mr. MAURICE proposes to elicit "a cry from the deep heart of the nation" by which "the evil will be torn up from the roots." What a cry from the deep heart of the nation may be like—what a deep heart is like—whether it is a form of that organ known to anatomists—whether deep hearts have a faculty of "crying," which is certainly denied to hearts of a more commonplace shape—and why the metaphorical heart of the country is supposed to be afflicted with this curious form of disease—are questions into which we shall not attempt to enter. We have no doubt—as Mr. MAURICE tells us so—that a cry from the deep heart of a nation is admirably adapted for tearing up an evil by the roots. Mr. CHRISTIE proposes a plan which does not, indeed, involve so many curious anatomical propositions, but evinces a trust in the simplicity of human nature, and a belief in the frowns of the Social Science Association, which speaks volumes for the moral salubrity of a residence in Brazil. He recommends that candidates intending to contest a borough or a county should be required to enter into an agreement with each other to abstain from corrupt practices; and under this name they must mutually promise to abstain, and to force their supporters to abstain, from all attempts on the part of customers to influence tradesmen, or on the part of landlords to influence tenants. It occurs to Mr. CHRISTIE that a candidate might sometimes lose his seat by an indiscreet adherence to this promise; but then he suggests that it is probable that the defeated candidate's party might gain a seat somewhere else, under the same system—supposing it to be adopted there also. This, Mr. CHRISTIE appears to think, will be a great consolation to the defeated candidates. These agreements not to do wrong, on the part of those who are mutually interested in doing it, are a fine conception. It is only to be lamented that Mr. CHRISTIE has not carried the principle further, and applied it to other vices which depend for their vitality on the fact that they are equally agreeable to those who sin and those who are sinned against. If he would only try to act upon the moral sense of the fast young men of London, and, by a judicious distribution of his speeches, prevail upon them to agree mutually that they would abstain from the use of money in the prosecution of their pleasures, he would stop up a more abundant fountain of

modern corruption than any that flows from Parliamentary elections. But in all these cases alike the difficulty occurs, that the candidate may decline to make the promise, and may persist in availing himself of the advantages which his money gives him. What will Mr. CHRISTIE do with a benighted candidate of this kind? His answer is ready. "He will be an object of suspicion. Amid the hubbub of a general election, the suggested Association may be a central eye to watch everywhere." The mind staggers at the contemplation of the awful condition of that man who should be an object of suspicion to the National Social Science Association.

Apart from all absurdities of expression or of detail, the gist of these recommendations is that, as Acts of Parliament have failed, the practice of bribery may be arrested by an appeal to the moral sense of the community. But this change of *venue* brings many difficulties to light. Efforts to suppress an offence created by Act of Parliament require no other justification than the letter of the statute, and can claim little other moral assistance than that which may be furnished by the fear of the punishment that it inflicts. But if it is to be treated as a moral offence, and resisted by an appeal to moral sympathies, a somewhat wider range of view must be taken. Mr. MAURICE'S countrymen are always willing to put forth their utmost efforts to discourage that which they distinctly see to be wrong; but before they can consent to proscribe certain people for certain acts, they must understand clearly the ground on which they are moving, and the extent to which they may be forced to go. So strong a proceeding as that of attempting to enforce upon others a particular morality by social pressure can only be urged upon very definite ethical principles. Now the difficulty about the principles upon which bribery is condemned is that, if they have any validity at all, they must extend over a much wider area than the mere passing of money at elections. It is wrong of an elector to receive a five-pound note for his vote, because he is bound to exercise his franchise from much loftier motives. His duty is, upon a full study of the questions at issue, without fear or favour or thought of self-interest, to vote for the candidate who, in his judgment, is the soundest politician. It is clear that the elector who votes, not on any such elevated grounds, but because he has received five pounds, transgresses this rule. But does he sin alone? The rule is equally transgressed by all men who substitute any lower motives for that of pure political preference. Gratitude, personal affection, relationship, are motives as foreign to the duties of an elector as the love of money. In the great division of last Session, there was a member—probably there may have been more than one—who avowedly voted for Lord PALMERSTON, not because he approved of his policy, but out of feelings of neighbourly regard. He probably did not sink, either in his own estimation or that of his friends, by doing so. But he committed exactly the same moral offence in kind as that committed by a man who receives a bribe for his vote at the poll. It is true that neighbourly regard is a very innocent feeling; but so is the desire for five pounds. The moral error consists, in both cases, in being guided in the performance of a political duty by motives which, though innocent in themselves, are purely personal. Moralists who attempt to travel outside the statutory prohibition of the offence, and to attribute an essential wickedness to it, find themselves in this difficulty—that no one is entitled to throw a stone at the bribed elector except those who perform all their political duties according to the dictates of a purely political judgment, undiluted by any kind of personal feeling or preference whatever. It need hardly be said that the body of stone-throwers would be very select indeed. It is sometimes attempted to eke out the case by the assertion that bribery produces demoralization, over and above the demoralization which is always entailed by a conscious breach of the law. The point, if true, would be material; but it cannot be argued upon until it has been ascertained to be a fact. There is a good deal of confusion, in this respect, between bribery and other incidents of a contested election. The "demoralization," if that name may be given to the saturnalia which usually accompanies the exercise of constitutional rights, has more to do with the treating and the general excitement than with the direct payment of money. All occasions on which large bodies of Englishmen are gathered together, with a good deal of time on their hands, are apt to end in "demoralization"; but an election is not much worse than a race or a fair.

Of late years, the attention of Englishmen has been turned to the working of elections in other countries where a large popular franchise exists, or is supposed to exist. It is remark-

able that in other cases, such as those of America and France, we should meet the same phenomenon as that with which we are familiar at home—large bodies of electors voting under illegitimate influence of some kind. In England, the landlord in the counties, the capitalist in the small borough, the working men acting upon the petty tradesmen in the large borough, supply to the elector motives of hope or fear which have very little to do with the political considerations by which he is nominally swayed. In France, the Government takes the manipulation of elections, as everything else, into its own hands, and does for its subjects the bribery, the treating, and the intimidation which in England we are accustomed to do for ourselves. In America, the prize of 90,000 Government places does the bribery, and a party organization as widespread and as pitiless as our own Trades Unions does the intimidation. Where so many different causes, under so many various conditions, have combined to produce the same disease, it may be conjectured that there is a strong predisposition in the patient. The truth of the matter is that, in every country, the number of persons of the lower class who, in ordinary times, care much about politics is very small indeed. The hope of standing well with a landlord, or a customer, or a leading man of their own class, or of getting a month or two's earnings in a single day, far outweighs their slender political predilections. When this order of preferences is inverted, then, and not till then, "corrupt practices" may be extinguished.

MODERN SADDUCEES.

IN the preface to a volume of sermons which he has recently published, Mr. Llewelyn Davies observes, that among other things of which he does not quite approve is the tone of the English press. He compares those who write in the English journals of the day to the Jewish Sadducees, and he states his belief that there is something in the very nature of anonymous writing which tends to make those who practise it more or less like those celebrated rivals of the Pharisees. He himself is a fair and moderate writer, and does not say a thing of this sort without reflection, nor, probably, without having some grounds for it. But if this is so—if, as a clergyman speculating on the men and things of his day, he has come to the conclusion that the spirit of the Sadducees of Palestine is reproduced in the anonymous journalists of England—the conclusion is one that invites inquiry and comment. Evidently some blame is intended, but what is the exact nature of this blame? Why should it be a reproach to be like the Sadducees, and, if it is a reproach, how far is it justly bestowed in the instance which he has selected? No doubt any ordinary reader would catch at once the general drift of the comparison. The Sadducees appear in the New Testament as Jews who disputed the doctrine of the Resurrection, and who, if they were tenacious, were yet limited in their religious belief. They were deficient in religious enthusiasm; and, perhaps, anonymous journalists in England have this failing also. But then, if the comparison is to be made at all, it is worth seeing how far it can safely be carried, and what points of resemblance can really be traced between the Jewish Sadducees and anonymous writers. We do not think it is necessary to debate the preliminary point, whether all anonymous writers in England write alike. It is obvious that Mr. Davies did not mean to speak with rigid and universal accuracy. Probably he does not think that the writers in the *Spectator*, if they are like any Jews at all, are like anything worse than the Essenes. His remark ought to be accepted generally, and it will then mean that English criticism of the higher order—the criticism that attempts to discuss the literature and politics and society of our generation—has characteristics which forcibly remind a theologian and historian, like Mr. Davies, of the old Sadducees. It appears to us that Mr. Davies is right, and that the parallel is a much better one than a casual reader would suppose. Possibly Mr. Davies himself did not stop to consider how right he was, and he may have intended nothing more than the ordinary passing clerical reproof, which, however, if taken in a right spirit, may always be made instructive. Modern critics are very like the Sadducees, but we do not know that this is any great reproach to them. It ought, however, to be said at the outset that, so far as it may be true that critics are deficient in religious, or poetical, or any other enthusiasm, they fall short of perfection. In the highest criticism there is always an element of deep feeling and vivid expression; and if it is the case that modern English criticism falls short on this head, any one who chooses to note the defect under a comparison between critics and Sadducees is exposing a serious fault, and one over which critics should be the first to ponder with sorrow and anxiety.

The Sadducees are noticed slightly, and not very unfavourably, in the New Testament, as compared with the Pharisees. From the admirable account of them which the readers of Dr. Smith's Dictionary owe to Mr. Twistleton, it appears that the little we know of them from other sources comes from their adversaries. It is the Pharisees who have described the Sadducees, and the Pharisees have not neglected their opportunity. Here the parallel

is obvious. It is not from any account which critics give of themselves that the popular notion of critics is drawn. It is from what is said of them by persons who are certainly not Pharisees, but who view critics, as adversaries would, from the outside. It is the good, gushing, warm-hearted people, immersed in their own theories and beliefs, likes and dislikes, who represent critics as a set of malevolent, cynical, vain creatures, always on the look-out for some blunder to expose, some reputation to destroy, some blighting view of man and mankind to instil. Then, again, the Sadducees took a great share and a great interest in the government of their country. It was from them that the High Priests were appointed, and they strove to restrain the fanaticism and avert the great crises of their nation. They were especially useful in the judicial department, which they are said to have conducted on the sensible principle of punishing men promptly when they committed crimes—a principle which their rivals were prevented from accepting because it militated, as they conceived, against certain theological truths about freewill. Here, again, critics play very much the same part now which the Sadducees did. Critics look largely to the practical wants and powers of the country; they are mainly on the side of the governing classes; they recognise the difficulties, the dangers, and the problems of practical statesmanship. They are also very anxious that the machinery of government should go on unimpaired, and that the law should assert itself and be made a living and effective force. In consequence of this, they naturally incur some odium from enthusiasts. Anonymous journalism, for example, has been decisively against any encouragement of the Federal cause in England, and it has therefore been very much abused by those who, as they say, and say quite truly, look only to great principles. The critics looked, not only to a good many different and opposing sets of great principles, but to the position, the power, and the responsibilities of England. Lastly, the Sadducees did not believe so much as the Pharisees, and it is on account of the deficiency in their belief that they are generally regarded with a faint horror by modern Christians. But a candid inquiry will show that they were not to be blamed very much. They denied the divine character of the Oral Law, supposed to have been handed down by tradition from the time of Moses; and here Christians so entirely agree with them, that few persons, even in religious circles, have ever heard that there is such a thing as this Oral Law to believe in or reject. They also denied the doctrine of the Resurrection, for the simple reason that they saw no evidence for it in the written law, and rejected the oral law, which proclaimed it. Here Christians, of course, consider they were wrong; but then Christians base their belief on their knowledge of a great historical fact, which could not have come to the knowledge of the Sadducees before it happened. Further, the Sadducees are said not to have believed in angels or spirits; but, as Mr. Twistleton shows, this meant that they thought that, although angels and spirits had at one time appeared frequently to men, they had ceased to do so, and this, Mr. Twistleton adds, is exactly the opinion of the ordinary modern Protestant. There does not, therefore, appear to be much in the disbelief of the Sadducees with which they can be justly reproached. But, unquestionably, what we do know of them shows that they had cultivated that turn of mind which sifts and inquires, which demands proof, which believes where it can believe, disbelieves where it is forced to disbelieve, and suspends its judgment where it sees no materials for forming a decisive opinion. It is needless to say that this is a turn of mind which modern critics also display, and it is difficult to understand how they could be critics at all without displaying it.

Critics would be much more fairly judged and much better understood if two things could by any means be drilled into the minds of those who judge them. The first of these two things is that critics are only some people amongst many—one set of persons among various sets of persons, contributors of one sort of good to the general stock. The second is, that critics have their ideal, and that this ideal, although seldom attained, is sufficiently attainable to make critics strive to get rid of those imperfections which mar their work. Critics may be like Sadducees, and we may think Sadducees very good people to have in a nation, but we do not wish for a nation of Sadducees. If the Sadducees had been more powerful in Judaea than they were, and could have induced their countrymen to be guided by the teachings of moderation and good sense, they would have averted the fall of the Holy City and the destruction of the Temple. But the great things of Judaism did not come from the Sadducees, and were not akin to their spirit. Psalmists and prophets felt and spoke and acted in quite another and in a much higher frame of mind. So, too, critics are not the source of intellectual life in England. The poet who writes poems full of beauties and full of faults is a much greater man than the critic who, appealing to a standard of taste built up by the meditation and experience of many generations, shows which things are beautiful and which are faulty. If it is good for the world that ordinary government should go on, justice be administered, a particular class of persons be trained from their cradles to the practical duties of ruling, that society should repress crimes, and that great malefactors should be severely punished, it is also good for the world that there should be great movements, revolutions, and changes of all kinds. We want reformers as well as administrators, bold men as well as moderate men, genius as well as tact. It was not English judges, with the habits of steady English society and practised forensic intellects, that reformed the ludicrous criminal law of the eighteenth century, but Bentham, a recluse full of odd crotchets and violent language.

It was not Sir Robert Peel, the type of the practical adroit statesman, that brought about the repeal of the Corn Laws; it was Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, types of the vehement, courageous, narrow-minded, one-sided leaders of the people. But the intellectual life of a nation requires something besides the occasional intervention of creative genius; political life wants something besides the appearance of the heroes of revolutions. The Queen's Government must go on, and it is men of sense, of moderation, of political experience, not prone to reject or accept anything very readily—Sadducees, in a word—who make it go on. Literature, if it is to flourish, must have a standard of taste built up which shall expand to meet new forms of excellence, but which shall preserve that which is excellent in old forms, and shall serve as a guide to the rejection of whatever is bad, pretentious, and artificial; and it is the business of critics to see that this standard is built up and maintained.

Critics, also, have their ideal. They strive to combine the recognition of ordinary merit with the recognition of extraordinary merit. They aim at defending the existing system of government, and yet at welcoming reform; at upholding law, and yet at countenancing the boldest changes in law when they are necessary; at keeping up the standard of taste, and yet at discovering and admiring all signs of creative novelty. Their ideal is to be like Sadducees ready to listen to St. Paul. In literature, it is plain that there can be no first-rate criticism unless it is sympathetic, no good religious criticism that is not religious, no poetical criticism that is not poetical. No wonder that men fall short of such an ideal, but it is something to have an ideal to fall short of; and, considering how English criticism is produced, how many take part in it without experience and without serious and sustained endeavour, how soon death comes to remove critics like Hallam and Macaulay from us, how many private hindrances there are to literature in England, and how terribly difficult it is to retain our insular virtues of the intellect and to shake off our insular vices of the intellect, it is surprising, not that there should be so little, but that there should be so much, good criticism in England. We must remember, too, that, if criticism falls sometimes justly under the reproach of being petty, narrow, and depreciating, it also often errs on the side of kindness, and of a willingness to admire where admiration gives present pleasure to the admirer as well as to the admired. Nothing is more difficult than to find any real criticism of any work that comes from the pen of an acknowledged chief of literature. Far from being like the Sadducees, who believed that the angels had ceased to appear, most critics think that their angel is always appearing, and that his raiment is always white as snow. This is amiable, and even delightful; but it is not criticism. The ideal of a critic carries him far higher than this, and bids him be, above all things, just—as much just to goodness as to badness, as ready to see the virtue of what is new as the virtue of what is old, but also alive to imperfection as well as to perfection; as determined, for example, when a great poet publishes a new volume of minor poems, to point out the flimsiness and mannerism of the bad parts, as the practised power, the subtlety, and the pathos of what is good in them.

PARSONS AND PUBLICANS.

"AN Oxfordshire Incumbent," who "has been in holy orders for twelve years," though only recently inducted into his living, appeals to the *Times* for support and comfort in respect of a curious pastoral grievance. Now that the season for the yearly renewal of public-house licenses is drawing on, the publicans of his parish have begun to pester their parson with requests that he would join in a recommendation to the magistrates that their respective licenses be renewed accordingly. Printed forms are sent round for the adhesion of respectable householders, at the head of which is a reserved place of honour for the expected signature of the Rev. —, rector, or vicar, or curate, as the case may be. "An Oxfordshire Incumbent" naturally feels that there is a good deal to be said against public-houses, in which opinion many intelligent persons will undoubtedly agree with him. He perhaps goes further than most people in the assumptions that there is nothing whatever to be said in excuse for them, and that it is the mission of the parochial clergy to put them down indiscriminately. "My duty (he assures the *Times*), I feel, as a minister, is as far as possible to counteract the evil effects of public-houses and to reduce their number. I could not therefore consistently recommend any parishioner, however upright and respectable he may be as to character, to the magistrates for a license. My objection is not against the men, but their business." Pothouses are so unmixed a social evil, that the keeping of a pothouse neutralizes, in the eyes of the Oxfordshire Incumbent, an infinity of virtues. A publican is, as such, *de jure* a sinner, and must only be told to go and sin no more. However respectable a character the actual or intending publican may keep, however unblemished may be the reputation for decency and tranquillity which the hostel in question may have maintained for years, no consideration upon earth will move the Oxfordshire Incumbent—and none, he holds, ought to move any clergyman of the Church of England—to endorse the petition that a man should be allowed to supply beer and spirits on his premises to thirsty souls.

The Oxfordshire parson has a perfect right to form, express, and act upon, his own opinion about public-houses. There is no doubt that a parish overstocked with opportunities for retailing beer

"to be drunk on the premises" suffers under a nuisance which is great to all the respectable inhabitants, and which may well seem almost intolerable in the eyes of the Vicar. And there are but few English parishes which are understocked in this respect. The law of supply and demand takes strong notice of the popular thirst for malt and alcoholic liquors; and the necessity under which the great brewers labour, not only of living, but of making large fortunes, acts plentifully to maintain the pothouse institution through the country. Every hamlet, or group of four or five cottages, upon the outskirts of the incumbent's spiritual jurisdiction, is pretty sure to have its licensed beershop convenient, in supplement of the more ambitious public that faces to all sides of the village green. Every meeting of two roads at which a bibulous carter can possibly find an excuse for stopping to put the skid on or to take it off, or to breathe his horses before facing the hill or after climbing it—or, in short, "any other reason why" he may take an occasional drain with a pleasant companion lest his master's business should be done too hurriedly—is certain to find an enterprising builder who will utilize the site, and a speculative brewer who will, on good security, supply the beer. One beershop is the notorious rendezvous of all the poachers in the parish, and its landlord bears the character of being little more scrupulous than his guests as to the rights of property in game. Another is the favourite tap of all the barges along the canal, or of the navvies who are working at the new line of railway; and a third is the quiet little place where pugilists come and settle down for their training. The vice of drinking or getting drunk is certainly not robbed of its grossness in the generality of such places, and it is very natural that the first impression of the new incumbent should be that he can do nothing with the parish until its beershops are put down. It is certain that in the best of all possible worlds the beershop could not exist, or would exist only in some very modified form, in which the dangers and indecencies that characterize it in this working-day world would be refined away. Perhaps the stock *albergo* of an Italian opera (purified of its stock brigands) is the highest ideal of a village public of which the human mind is capable. The publicans against which the Oxfordshire Incumbent fulminates fall, no doubt, very far short of this ideal in cleanness, picturesqueness, sobriety of character, and general innocence. It might be almost as difficult to improve them up to that level as to improve them off the face of the earth altogether. The latter is the policy advocated by the Oxfordshire Incumbent in his letter to the *Times*. Some people may think that he might as well have thrown his hat at the publicans of his parish as written this letter, for any practical good to be gained by it; but anyhow he has, according to his lights, liberated his own soul in the writing.

The point upon which we take exception to the doctrines of the Oxfordshire Incumbent is not his morbid anxiety to abolish public-houses altogether. Others in plenty before his day have dreamed that, because they were virtuous, there should be no more cakes and ale. All that his opponents have a right to say against him on this head comes to much what the old Lincolnshire farmer in Mr. Tennyson's new volume says of the doctor who wants to cut him off from his liquor:—"Parson's 'a 'trotter, lass, and a's hallus in the owd taile." As a reverend fellow or tutor for twelve years of the college which he has probably just left for his Oxfordshire living, he may have felt it as sacred a duty to set his face against all undergraduates' wine-parties, in the hope of counteracting their evil effects and reducing their number to zero. A rural incumbent, however, is not so great an autocrat as a College Don, and has no power in reserve of rustivating uproarious publicans at his own discretion. What is not only unprofitable but positively mischievous in the letter is the narrow view taken by the reverend writer of the responsibility and position of the body to which he belongs:—

The grievance I complain of [he goes on to say] is that the signature of the clergy should be expected, and a place left blank in these printed publicans' forms, for the name of the rector or vicar or curate. It is placing us in an unenviable position with respect to a class influential for good or evil among our parishioners. If we sign for one publican we are expected to sign for all the publicans in the parish; and if we do not sign for all, but only for some, the charge of favouritism is brought against us by the least worthy of the class. My rule is not to sign a recommendation for a license in any case. And yet I fear this evenhanded justice or injustice does not free me from the uncharitable judgment of some persons whose perception of the purely spiritual nature of our office is not very enlightened. They cannot be made to understand that they should not call upon us as clergymen to judge who among our parishioners are worthy to be entrusted with a publican's license.

May I ask you to ventilate the subject in the columns of the *Times*, and to use your influence to put matters right? Is this form, containing a trap for the clergyman, peculiar to this county? No blank ought to be left for his signature. If he be a bad man, he will readily lend his name; and, on the other hand, if he be a good man, he ought not to be exposed to the odium and opposition sure to follow from refusing to recommend the publican for a license.

In other words, the grievance to a parochial clergyman, who professes to be eminently sensible of his ministerial duties, is that he has an opportunity given him of marking his sense of the comparative respectability of the parish beer-houses, by signing or refusing to sign a memorial on which the presence or absence of his name may turn the scale of the magisterial mind in granting the license. The trap for the clergyman is that he runs the risk of incurring odium and the charge of favouritism among his more disreputable parishioners, if he exercises moral courage and discretion in favour of those who behave themselves more respectably in the conduct of a trade which will inevitably be carried on by one or other among them. The clergyman's "rule" for ad-

ministering evenhanded justice or injustice to the competing applicants for the publican's privilege is to be that of absolute non-intervention, because his office is one of a purely spiritual nature, and because a good clergyman ought not to be exposed to unpopularity among those who most need conversion. The general beeriness of the parish is a sin to be prayed over and put down from the pulpit on Sundays; but it is unspiritual, and therefore unbecoming, to attempt to acquire, by straightforward and outspoken discrimination, any humanizing influence over individual beerhouses and their managers. Let the lay moralist on the magistrates' bench judge among the unprofitable sinners which is most worthy, or least unworthy, to be entrusted with the publican's license. As the old head-masters of Eton, in days when frequent floggings ran side by side with the present educational course of juicy mutton and cricket, "never heard of such a thing as the Fourth of June," so the Oxfordshire Incumbent makes a point of shutting or turning up his eyes, and setting his face against public-houses, and hearing no more about them. He recognises them in principle as the hostile powers of evil in the parish, but otherwise he washes his hands of them altogether. The sin of their establishment and maintenance shall not lie at his door. While he sips his port after putting the finishing touch to his to-morrow's sermon, it never occurs to him that his respectable clerk may innocently want a decent place to go to for his Saturday night's beer.

We cannot help calling this a most unmuscular Christianity—a flaccid, flabby method of doing battle with the heathen demon of drunkenness. The obvious result of the universality of the parson's protest will be to reduce the influence of his opinion on the mind of the licensing magistrates to a nonentity. But what we chiefly object to is the theory that it is a sin against the priest's spiritual office to ask him to resolve for himself questions of every-day morality, as if he were a layman. Why should a clergyman have the right to be exempt from the trials and temptations which are involved in every choice between resolute action and a comfortable negative acquiescence in evil? Why should he not undergo the test of his being "a bad man" who will readily lend his name to any blackguard who wants his recommendation for a license, or "a good man" who can endure exposure to odium and opposition in the cause of the parochial proprieties? The frame of mind which can afford to be querulous and despairing because the parish publican whose license is suspended won't go to church or touch his hat to the vicar any longer, must be a very curious and ill-regulated one. Without calling the theory that such a difficulty contains an unjustifiable trap for the clergyman about "the meanest hole a skunk could well diskiver," as Mr. Bigelow says, we may certainly say that it does not sound like the war-cry of a very noble army of martyrs, or the doctrine of a very wise set of spiritual pastors and masters. But we are glad to believe that it is not a typical specimen of the incumbents in the diocese of Oxford who has written this letter to the *Times*.

PERILS FROM POPISH RELATIVES

WE lately had occasion to make the remark that toleration is not a plant indigenous to the soil of Ireland: So far as Protestant feeling in Ulster is concerned, an incident recorded in the Irish papers of last week presents a singular illustration of the truth of that remark. "Toleration" is certainly but little understood in a community among whom the attendance of a Roman Catholic gentleman and lady at mass is visited as a crime upon their Protestant relatives—a crime to be punished by pulling down their house. It would seem that there is a congregation of good and faithful Protestants at a place called Drumree, in the very centre of the Protestant and enlightened county of Down, who entertain these peculiar views of religious freedom, and who, besides some rather eccentric notions on the subject of "Puseyism," believe that they manifest their attachment to the Church of England by tumbling their rector's parsonage over his head. As the accounts of the transaction come exclusively from journals representing what is called Protestantism in Ulster, we are probably safe in assuming that there is no exaggeration in their statements.

The Reverend Charles Alexander, a clergyman well stricken in years, has the good or bad fortune to be rector of the parish of Drumree. In the course of a long ministerial life of forty years he has earned "universal esteem and respect." The parish is one distinguished, even in Ulster, for its harmony and peace. The piety and devotion of the parishioners can scarcely be doubted after the signal proof they have given of attachment to their faith. Several years ago, a daughter of Mr. Alexander married an English clergyman named Rollinson. Mr. Rollinson became a convert to the Church of Rome. He had influence enough with his wife to induce her to follow his example. Their perversion, we are assured, was "much to the grief of her father," "and he was deeply sympathized with by his parishioners, who also felt it a stigma cast upon them." In what way the perversion of Mrs. Rollinson cast a stigma upon the Protestant people of Drumree we are not exactly able to understand. We cannot, however, profess to gauge all the peculiarities of the Ulster Protestant mind. The parishioners of Drumree had notions upon the subject of a stigma as singular as their mode of manifesting their "deep sympathy" with the domestic troubles of their pastor. The course of years brought at last to these good and pious people the opportunity of showing their pastor how heartfelt and how

beautifully Christian was the sympathy which they felt with him while suffering under that which was, indeed, the common affliction of them all. In the course of a summer excursion to Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson paid a visit to the rectory of Drumree. The old clergyman, notwithstanding his daughter's change of religion, received her in his home. This was the first overt act of "Puseyism"—the first fatal departure from the orthodox faith. The news spread consternation among the faithful. "A report," say the newspapers, "went through the country that they had arrived." The rectory was profaned by giving shelter to the heretic daughter of the rector. Worse than all, however, it was said that on the ensuing Sunday the Roman Catholic gentleman and his wife would actually attend mass. The more charitable of the people refused to believe this horrible suggestion, and felt an assurance "that they would not be so shamefaced." Alas for human nature, these charitable hopes were disappointed. "Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson sent their children to early mass, accompanied by a servant. After the return of their children they themselves proceeded to Drumree chapel, and remained there during the service." Such are the words in which the indignant journalist records the "shamefaced" act.

Fortunately for the detection of such depravity, a Protestant was able to testify to as much of the crime as any conscientious Protestant could witness. To cross the threshold of the mass-house no Protestant must venture. But a zealous guardian of the faith was watching outside. "Mr. John Sinnamon," of Ballyardle, is recorded with all honour as the true Protestant who gave up his own devotions to the duty of spying upon those of his neighbour. He took care to protest that he had been at the chapel, not in it. But at the chapel he had seen enough. He had seen the culprits enter the mass-house; he had waited until they came out again with the crowd. He had followed their steps to the Rectory, and "after seeing them safe in," whatever this may mean (did he expect them to be consumed by fire from heaven?), he fled in breathless haste to his own church, where he arrived precisely as the sermon had commenced. The sermon was preached by the rector's son. With difficulty, we are sure, "Mr. John Sinnamon of Ballyardle" restrained himself from immediately denouncing the accursed thing. He gave vent to his indignation in a pencilled bulletin which "he laid on the reading-desk before the Rev. Mr. Hunt." With what excited feelings must he have written this terrible despatch:—"I this day saw Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson come out of Drumree chapel. We must see about it."

The administration of the Sacrament on that Sunday, if it delayed, in some respects favoured, Mr. Sinnamon's action. While one half the congregation remained in the church to join in the celebration, the other half were constituted into an indignation meeting in the churchyard. Mr. Sinnamon told them the fearful sight he had witnessed. He pointed out to them "that the whole parish was insulted," and urged the necessity of immediate action. The numbers were soon swelled by the communicants. Led by Mr. Sinnamon, the whole congregation re-entered the church. The three clergymen were summoned from the vestry, to which they had retired. "The parishioners met them at the communion rails," and the aged pastor was confronted with an angry mob of those to whom he had just been administering the most solemn, and we would have thought the most solemnizing, ordinance of the Church. Then followed a scene for which, outside the "tabernacle," we believe no parallel could be found. In reply to a demand for explanation, Mr. Alexander asked very quietly "What explanation could he give? They were both Roman Catholics, and where else would they have them to go but to the Roman Catholic chapel." "This answer seemed to annoy the people very much, and some angry expressions were made use of." The person who chronicles the proceedings has not thought fit to record the phrases in which the pious indignation of Mr. Sinnamon and his associates found vent. The loss must be endured by the lovers of religious vituperation, but we doubt not an accurate report would have been a valuable addition to the treasury of words in which excited Christians piously express some charitable wishes as to the eternal destiny of those upon whom they pour out the vials of their wrath.

Mr. Sinnamon, however, is one of those sagacious men who see farther into a millstone than their neighbours. The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson to the chapel was only one act of a deep-laid scheme "to get in the thin edge of Puseyism into the parish of Drumree." This awful announcement appeared to excite "the parishioners" to fever height. With the terrible image before them of "the thin edge of Puseyism" finding its way into the parish of Drumree, they may be excused for the not very complimentary expressions in which they told their pastor that "he must get rid of his Popish daughter and son-in-law, and the sooner he left himself the better." In vain did Mr. Alexander solemnly protest that with the peculiar opinions stigmatized as Puseyism he had no sympathy whatever. Mr. Sinnamon valorously assured him "that the parishioners were not going to allow that religion for which their fathers bled to be taken from them piecemeal." Others of the parishioners adduced equally conclusive proof of their rector's Puseyism by asserting that they had seen that very day a member of his family using a prayer-book "on which there was a cross in gold leaf," and that the young lady had bowed to it during the service. More crushing than all was the terrible indictment of Mr. Sinnamon, who boldly charged young Mr. Alexander with having preached Puseyism in the sermon he had just delivered. "When speaking of

the book of Psalms he said, our Lord when on earth had used it as his *manual of devotion*." To speak of a manual was plainly rank Popery to those who had some confused notion of a missal, but had possibly never heard of a manual before. The matter became too awful for some of the more devout of the parishioners to carry on the discussion on the Sabbath-day. It demanded proceedings which tender consciences scrupled to take on the Sabbath. At all events, "some of the congregation said that as it was the Sabbath-day they would say no more then, but the matter would not be let drop until Puseyism and its supporters were banished from the parish."

The procrastinating counsel of the Sabbatarians did not ultimately prevail. There were sturdy spirits in Drumcree who thought a Sabbath evening could not be more appropriately spent than in wreaking the vengeance of the saints upon the enemies of the Lord. "On their way from the church, a man came up to Mr. Hunt, and calling him to the one side said it was the intention of some five hundred of the parishioners to gather that evening, and wreck the Rectory, if they were not at once removed." "Similar information was conveyed to Mr. Alexander from other quarters." The old gentleman did not exactly appreciate this intended proof of the sympathy of his flock. To keep his house over his head, he was actually compelled, at an hour's notice, to turn his daughter and her husband out of doors. He had promised his questioners in the church that, though his daughter and her husband had come on a visit of some weeks, "from what had passed he would hasten their departure." This was not sufficient to satisfy the impatient zeal of the fiery religionists of Drumcree. The sequel we must tell in the words of the Protestant historian to whom we are indebted for this glimpse into the inner life of Ulster Protestantism. There is something very amusing in the simplicity with which all the blame is charged upon "the bigotry" of the poor gentleman and lady who displayed their intolerance by daring to go to mass:—"About four o'clock that evening a cart with their trunks left the Rectory for the railway station, and shortly afterwards the pervers followed in the carriage, and left, for we know not, nor neither do we care, where, for they have been the means, by their unwise and bigoted conduct, of bringing sorrow on their father, who for the last thirty-nine years has been so esteemed by all, and of disturbing the peace and harmony of this hitherto quiet parish."

It might perhaps have shown better taste if Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson had attended mass in one of the neighbouring parishes, instead of making what seemed an ostentatious display of their conversion or perversion before her father's parishioners, but this was really a matter for themselves. If they chose to attend mass at Drumcree chapel, they had a perfect right to do so, and it is easier to understand a feeling which would regard it as a duty on their part to do so than it is to comprehend either the religion or the logic of those who raved at the rails of the communion-table against Popery and Puseyism. The truth is, the violent measures of the Puritan, and the spirit of the solemn league and covenant, are out of place in the present temper of the world. If poor Mr. Alexander has earned no better treatment by a pastoral life of thirty-nine years which has been universally esteemed, very few persons, we apprehend, will care for the esteem of such men as constitute the parishioners of Drumcree; and we confess we have no very high opinion of "the peace and harmony" of a parish which blazes out into such spitting exhibitions at sight of a gentleman and lady going quietly to mass. "The thin edge of Puseyism," we admit, was a vision of terror calculated to alarm the boldest; and the fact that a Protestant clergyman had spoken of the Psalms as a manual of devotion might justify a great deal. But if we add to all these provocations that of a young lady with a cross in gold leaf upon her prayer-book, we can assure the religious people of Drumcree that, in the eyes of many sincere Protestants, even these fearful aggressions upon "the religion for which their fathers bled" would scarcely warrant the Sunday evening pastime of demolishing the Rectory-house. Had they carried out their threat, there might even be found judges so tainted with Popery or Puseyism as to think that the best employment for such very zealous Protestantism might be found in the convict prisons of Portland or Mountjoy. Disappointed in this intended manifestation of their zeal for the Church, these pious defenders of the faith have resolved, it seems, on substituting for the "wrecking" of the Rectory a memorial to the Archbishop of Armagh. An Irish sequel to the prosecution of the *Essays and Reviews* may possibly be found in "articles exhibited" against Mr. Alexander, "that his married daughter went to mass." On the whole, Irish Roman Catholics, even in the favoured parish of Drumcree, can scarcely be said to see Protestantism in its most amiable or attractive aspect.

DIALECTS.

WE remember some years back trying to unravel the confusion of ideas which lurks in the popular use of the words "provinces" and "provincial," especially when "provincial" is used in opposition to "metropolitan." Our point was that the capital of a country is not necessarily, in strictness of speech, its metropolis, and still more that it is both inaccurate and offensive to apply the word "province"—a word essentially implying dependence or inferiority of some kind—to divisions like our English counties. We showed that what may be fairly called provincialism, that is, over regard or esteem for one town or

district—putting, in short, the part instead of the whole—is just as likely to be found in the capital as in any other part of the kingdom. A confusion of ideas closely connected with this may often be seen in the popular way of looking at the dialectical differences to be found in different parts of the same nation. People learn French or German or Italian; they go into France or Germany or Italy, and find that the language of large parts of the country is something utterly different from what they have been taught in their books. They at once cry out, What bad German they talk in Switzerland! What bad French they talk in Provence! People seem apparently to think that the particular form of French or German which they learn is something fixed in the eternal fitness of things, and that any departure from that standard is simply a wanton corruption. One might sometimes even think that a sort of moral guilt attached to everybody who does not speak exactly according to the precepts of Ollendorf and Ahn. Now there are two ways of looking at the matter, about as widely apart from each other as can be, but neither of them at all justifies the contemptuous way in which we often hear ancient and honourable forms of speech dealt with by people who know absolutely nothing of what they despise.

It is certain that every language gradually forms for itself a certain standard, which fluctuates somewhat from age to age, but which preserves a certain unity as distinguished from the various kindred dialects which surround it. Its changes from age to age, one might almost say from year to year, consist much more in the constant introduction of new words and new meanings of words than in actual changes of form or syntax. The vocabulary is constantly shifting, but the strangers are, for the most part, content to adopt, more or less completely, the garb of the natives and always to conform to their fundamental laws. A penny-a-liner may make his Romance words far outnumber his Teutonic, but he cannot get rid of our Teutonic grammar and Teutonic pronouns. The language thus formed is what may be called the classical language of the time and place; it is the language of literature, business, and polite society. Now if a man simply learns a foreign language for practical purposes, to join in polite conversation and to read the current literature, he will of course attend only to what we have just called the classical form of that language. To him German or French simply means the German and French which he thus learns to read and talk. And for these practical purposes this is quite enough. A man who simply learns French for conversational or diplomatic or literary purposes need not trouble himself about the dialects of Normandy or of Poitou. He has as little to do with them as a man trying to get the Hertford Scholarship has to do with the Latin of Ordericus Vitalis. He learns the sort of French which serves his purpose; it matters not to him whether there are or are not other forms of French older, purer, more forcible, and more analogical. This is all perfectly true, only it does not justify such a man in speaking of the forms of French and German which he does not know as "bad French" and "bad German."

To the pure philologist, on the other hand, the dialects are almost everything, the received classical language is next to nothing. He is concerned with it only as one form among many, and it will generally be the form which will afford him least instruction. The position of the historical inquirer into language does not, in this matter, greatly differ from that of the pure philologist. The contemporary literary language is valuable to him mainly on account of the information which may be contained in books written in it, while the archaic and local forms of the tongue have a value in themselves as part of the history.

The error, in short, lies, not in the preference of the received contemporary speech for practical purposes, about which of course there can be no question at all, but in the unmerited contempt which superficial people pour out on local dialects, more especially of foreign languages. People think, at least they speak as if they thought, that every dialect which differs from the form of the language which they have learned must be a deviation from, or corruption of, that form. High-polite Parisian Frenchmen, and Englishmen who take their tone from them, speak contemptuously of the speech of Normandy or Gascony, as "bad French," "patois," "jargon"—every disparaging epithet that they can think of. Now the philological or historical inquirer must be gifted with more than human patience if he keeps his temper when he hears this sort of thing. He has no wish whatever to set up the speech of William the Conqueror as an immediate practical rival to the speech of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, but it is too much when he hears the speech of William the Conqueror spoken of as if it were a corruption of the speech of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The Channel Islands are one of those parts of Europe where language has altered comparatively little; the language of a Jersey peasant does not differ very widely from the language of William the Conqueror. The Parisian goes there, talks his French, and, as the current story goes, gets for answer "No Engleesh." The young lady fresh from her French grammar and dictionary is disgusted at the "bad French" of the island. She takes a walk, and meets an old woman, who makes a speech to her, of which all she can make out is "nilly vox." Now we venture to guess that "nilly vox" is nothing else than "nullas vacas"; the old woman had lost her cows and asked the stranger if she had seen them. "Nilly vox" may be "bad French;" it certainly is not French of Paris; but, so far as language can be said to be better or worse in itself, we submit that "nilly vox" is better than "point de vaches," because the one phrase means what it says and the other means the opposite.

When a modern Frenchman means *nobody*, he says *somebody*; when he wants no more of a thing, he asks for more of it. The good old word "nul"—of which "nilly" seems to be another form—is almost banished from the language, nobody can tell why. So we have heard it mentioned as specimens of the "bad French" of Provence that people say "soixante," "septante," "huitante," "nonante." And very sensible people they are for so doing. Why should any man perplex himself and his hearers with such a complicated sum as "quatre-vingt dix-sept," when "nonante-sept" is so much simpler and clearer? If languages are to be weighed in any balance of abstract merit, surely in these matters the provincials quite take the shine out of the metropolitans.

It is amusing to see the sort of arbitrary rules which are laid down as to what is to be tolerated and what is not. Nobody accuses a Dutchman of speaking "bad German"; nobody accuses a Portuguese of speaking "bad Spanish." But if a man in any part of ancient Saxony speaks a sentence of his own tongue—a tongue far more closely allied to Dutch (and to English) than it is to the High-German—he is not allowed the privilege of the Hollander, but is at once set down as speaking "bad German." Low-Dutch, in short, is, we conceive, lawful in West Friesland and unlawful in East. Perhaps this may be because the Kingdom of the Netherlands, as a perfectly distinct State, has a right to a speech of its own, while all parts of the German Confederation are bound to conform to the German tongue as it is in Ollendorf. But Switzerland is as independent as Holland; it has its variety of High-Dutch, as Holland has its variety of Low-Dutch; yet the Swiss is allowed no such liberty as the Hollander; his speech is the very type of "bad German"—no words are strong enough to express its badness. We fancy the reason of the difference to be that Switzerland speaks several languages. If it had only one language, and if that language were called Swiss, people would no more call Swiss "bad German" than they call Dutch "bad German." Of course they would no more think of learning Swiss than they think of learning Dutch, but they would recognise that the Swiss have a right to their own tongue, just as much as the Dutch have.

In this last case, the circumstances which affect the estimate of others have had an effect within the country itself. Though the Swiss dialect of German is spoken by a vast majority of the Swiss people, it has never, since the Confederation has been a perfectly independent State, been the universal language of the country. There has been no common Swiss language, no common Swiss literature; one part fraternizes in speech with Germany, another with France. In Holland there has been no division of this kind. Swiss again, though it has peculiarities of its own, is cognate with that form of German which has become the literary tongue of Germany; Dutch is cognate with a form of German which has quite sunk out of polite use. Dutch therefore remains a language with a literature of its own; Swiss has sunk into a dialect, and its modern literature is in the classical German. But it is hard to see how this makes Swiss in itself "bad German" any more than Dutch is. The spoken tongue of Switzerland is as little a corruption of the modern written tongue of Germany as is the spoken tongue of Holland.

The truth is that the classical or literary form of any language, so far from being a standard from which other forms have diverged, is at best one dialect out of many which has happened, from one cause or another, to outstrip its fellows. The causes which assign the supremacy to one dialect rather than another differ in different cases, and sometimes look very like accident. English, modern literary English, is said to be strictly the speech of Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire; and it is certain that, as far as Northamptonshire is concerned, there is hardly any county in which so little dialectic peculiarity is to be remarked. But it is very hard to see why the dialect of those two shires, which contain no ordinary royal residence and which are in no way particularly distinguished from their neighbours, should have become the classical speech of the whole kingdom. It may perhaps have gradually become so as being a convenient mean between the Saxon of the South and the Scandinavian of the North. The classical French is said to be the French of Touraine. If this be so, a reason can be much more easily found in the almost constant residence of so many of the Valois Kings in that part of their kingdom. One thing is certain; English and French respectively are not the local languages of London and Paris. The capital of each country is doubtless the centre of its language as it is the centre of everything else. But it is so because it is the point where the cultivated classes of all parts of the kingdom meet together; it is they who set the standard, not the capital itself as a locality. As for German, malicious people have been heard to whisper a doubt whether the German of books is the natural language of any spot on earth. When told that the German of Hanover is the "best" German, they sceptically ask how the Saxons of the ninth Electorate picked up their High-Dutch at all. But whatever may be the origin of any of these received forms, we are perfectly ready to talk whatever is the received form; we only ask to be excused from speaking of all other forms as culpable deviations from it.

One bit of contrast more. Nobody accuses a man who speaks "broad Scotch" of speaking "bad English." People, indeed, stare if you tell them that he is really speaking the very best of English, but that is because they do not realize it as being English at all. This we conceive to be because Sir Walter Scott has consecrated it as the poetic and romantic speech of an independent nation. But, on the other hand, the language of

Southern Gaul, the tongue of the Troubadours, the tongue of the polished courts of Poitiers and Toulouse, the tongue of imperial Arles and of free Massalia, has now by common consent sunk into "bad French." Had King Joseph handed on Spain to a line of Bonapartes, we might by this time be beginning to talk in the same way of the tongue of Calderon and Cervantes. If Rome remains much longer a French possession, we may soon begin to see nothing but "bad French," "patois," "jargon," in the speech of the Eternal City.

CROQUET.

IN English amusements, as in French studies, there is a bifurcation. Each sex has its own pastimes, founded on instinct, and suited to its natural capacities. Hunting and shooting are to men what dress and fancy-needlework are to women—the expression of the admiration with which the former regard force, and the latter beauty. But between these extremes—between the purely manly and the purely feminine amusements—are others which may be called mixed or debateable. These belong to neither sex exclusively, and are suited to both. Billiards, for instance, reclaimed from the fumes of circumambient tobacco, is a game as fit for one sex as the other. It involves no greater amount of physical force than it may become a woman to exert, and it elicits just those qualities in which she is usually most wanting—accuracy and caution. It has received the highest possible sanction—the Pope himself, to say nothing of several Gallican bishops, handling a cue, it is understood, with some dexterity. At the present time, when the fair sex is claiming so many of man's prerogatives, we recommend billiards, on disciplinary grounds, to the attention of young ladies. Archery, again, is a recreation common to both sexes; though, as a set-off to the usurpation of billiards by man, woman is the real heroine of the archery meeting—the male competitors, in their Lincoln green, looking painfully like licensed victuallers disporting themselves at a Foresters' fête. But neither billiards nor archery fulfil the requisite conditions of a game which large numbers of either sex can enjoy together. A billiard-table is an expensive luxury. *Non curis.* There is a stiffness and solemnity about archery—the result probably of its Diana and Robin Hood associations—which is quite in character with a grand field-day, the prelude to a county ball or musical festival, but is not exactly a provocative of homely every-day enjoyment.

Croquet is the best attempt which has yet been made to provide a game in which the two sexes can join. Depending on dexterity rather than strength, it admits of their contending against each other on equal terms. It has two advantages over billiards, to which, in a scientific point of view, it is immeasurably inferior—first, that it is inexpensive, and, secondly, that it is played in the open air. These are two points which ought to recommend it to parents and guardians, whose object always is to combine health with economy. And it has this advantage over archery, that it is much less formal and much more feasible. A game that involves much previous arrangement, and the appointment of a secretary *ad hoc*, will never attain general vogue. It is making a toil of a pleasure—a proceeding to which Englishmen are particularly averse, taking their diversion often sadly, but never laboriously. It is the domesticity of croquet which makes it so acceptable. Given a plot of grass, be it in a London square or in front of a sea-side lodging, and the inevitable hoops and mallets follow. There is not a vicarage garden which does not resound with the click of coloured balls. The country clergy have thrown themselves into the croquet movement with characteristic energy. It is admirably adapted for a clerical pastime. It can offend no parochial prejudice, as more muscular recreations often do, and it gratifies the polemical instincts of the cloth. Perhaps, as he scatters his adversaries' balls, his reverence imagines, for the moment, that he is rocketting Dr. Colenso, or treating Professor Jowett to a taste of the secular arm. Or, if his mood be meditative, the intricacies of the game may suggest an argument for next Sunday's discourse, of which Hodge shall have the benefit. Young ladies are even more enthusiastic about croquet than young curates. They exhibit the same ardour, but diversities of skill. There is the brilliant young lady, whose stroke is unerring; and the strategical young lady, fertile in expedients, lavish of advice, always coaxing her supporters to make themselves stepping-stones for her to get at a distant enemy. There is the simple young lady, who never succeeds in grasping the principles of the game; the unprogressive young lady, who sticks at the third hoop; the oblivious young lady, who always forgets the order of playing and runs into the lion's jaws; and the perverse young lady, whose blows have the invariable effect of propelling her ball in a direction the exact contrary of that which she intends. Croquet, as a feminine amusement, has one great merit in which it differs from the games which girls used to play some twenty or thirty years ago. It is intended for amusement pure and simple, and not for moral or physical improvement. Jesuitical mothers with an eye to the future had a way of concealing a lesson under a pleasure, as they cajole their infants into swallowing a powder in jam. Their daughters were encouraged to play at *Les Grâces*, not as an innocent recreation, but as a covert means of giving them a graceful deportment or an elegant figure. Miss in her teens, as she handled the sticks, was unconsciously developing beauties which were to make her the cynosure of future ball-rooms. There is none of this unhealthy false pretence about croquet, which will be welcomed by thoughtful educators as a sign that this form of maternal

artifice, at any rate, has been laid aside. Indirectly, however, croquet serves for another purpose than the mere amusement of the players. It is becoming a recognised mode of receiving afternoon visitors—the nucleus of a good deal of pleasant, unceremonious hospitality. If there is one terror which haunts the British materfamilias and her daughters more than any other, it is asking people to what they call nothing. Croquet supplies that indispensable something which will justify an invitation. Neighbours are asked to croquet, as they are asked to luncheon, or a picnic. We English need every possible aid to sociability. Anything which tends to thaw the coating of starch which overlies our real kindness is deserving of encouragement.

There are two attractions of the fair sex which croquet might seem, to a superficial observer, chiefly designed to exhibit—the exquisite finish of their *chaussure*, and their perfect command of temper. There are certain operations in the game, for a description of which we must refer our readers to the exhaustive treatise of Captain Mayne Reid, which display both these charms very prettily. A young lady who submits with good humour, as young ladies invariably do, to the infliction known as a “roquet,” will accept the rubs of life with good humour, and may be safely credited with the possession of that equanimity which will make a husband happy. On the other hand, there is something extremely captivating about the fair executioner who deals the fatal blow as she stands with up-lifted arm, poised her mallet and tapping her victim with the daintiest of Balmorals. No pen but that of the author of *Guy Livingstone* could do justice to so fascinating an attitude. Is it too much to hope that, in his next novel, he will turn to account his consummate skill in photographing his heroine's ankles by the introduction of a scene in which several cool captains and cooler young ladies shall occupy the moments between a steeple-chase and a prize-fight by a quiet game of croquet? But the final cause of croquet is neither to exhibit a neat foot nor to test a sweet temper. To one who looks below the surface, the prevalent mania has a much deeper meaning. Like all great inventions, it has been ushered in by premonitory symptoms. The public mind, or that fraction of the public mind represented by marriageable young ladies, has been gradually ripening for it. It is notorious that they have long felt straitened in their borders. Their darling wish of late years has been to obtain fresh outlets for the exercise of their powers of fascination. All their ingenuity has been directed to the extension of the area of flirtation. This is only natural, and not at all unreasonable, when it is considered that, until lately, young ladies of eighteen and more enjoyed but two opportunities for shining in society. They might dine out and they might dance out. Thus much the usage of the drawing-room allowed, and no more. This instalment of liberty has proved, in course of time, miserably inadequate. A number of concurring causes have practically reversed the conditions under which that long and delicate business known as courtship proceeds. Instead of being wooed, the soft sex has been driven to enact the part of wooer. Can any lot be harder than to have to woo with no facilities for wooing? A man can choose his own times and opportunities for approaching the object of his admiration, but a young lady enjoys no such enviable discretion. She cannot of her own mere motion jump into a Hansom and take the train to Brighton, or Homburg, or whithersoever young love may bid her follow. A cruel edict of etiquette condemns her to inaction at the very moment when such a display of energy might secure her happiness. Against this tyranny of old-fashioned ideas young-ladydom has at last openly revolted. She demands a relief from disabilities which have long been irksome, and which, in the altered state of the marriage-market, have become simply intolerable. Like the Pharisee of old, young ladies want to be more seen of men. The cry is for more freedom, a wider field for flirting operations, multiplied opportunities for fascinating. It is in connexion with this remarkable movement of the female mind that croquet assumes a deep significance. Its birth is shrouded in the veil of Magic and Mystery which envelopes Mr. Cremer's fashionable emporium. The world knows not even the name of one of its greatest benefactors. But, whoever the inventor of croquet may have been, he must have read aright the signs of the times. He must have observed the current of female thought, and the direction in which it has latterly been setting. His invention comes to supply a recognised want of the most interesting class of the community. It satisfies the yearnings of many gentle bosoms for male companionship in their sports. It draws the sexes nearer to each other. It enables the fair to retain their adorers at their side. They have long looked with some little jealousy on that bifurcation of which we spoke at starting. The early disappearance of the male visitors in quest of fox or bird, and their absence during the greater part of the day, is the feature of country-house life which the female portion of the circle least appreciates. The more enterprising young ladies, who cannot bear the separation long, either take themselves to hunting, or join the shooters at luncheon, which is very flattering to them as men, but sometimes embarrassing to them as sportsmen. These spasmodic attempts to identify themselves with manly amusements do not generally meet with the success which they deserve. Croquet supplies a much safer and more legitimate opportunity for the enjoyment of male society; and it is a far greater triumph to attract a man from, instead of pursuing him into, his own field of recreation. Who shall say that the moments spent in dawdling on sunny lawns are wholly thrown away? The impression pro-

duced at last night's ball may be deepened into passion by the sight of beauty in difficulties, appealing with a tender glance for advice at every step of her erratic course through the hoops. The agreeable neighbour at last night's dinner-party, whose ready flow of prattle not even two converging crinolines with the thermometer at 90° could arrest, will prove much more susceptible to female charms in the pure air of the garden than when held in a vice of invisible steel, and almost asphyxiated. Croquet thus comes in aid of other and more formal modes of entertainment. It serves as a link between the last ball and the next. There is every reason to believe that it fully answers the purpose of throwing the young people of either sex together in pleasant because unceremonious intercourse, and creating for them a fresh topic of common interest.

The future of croquet it is premature for us to predict. The rapidity with which the infection spreads is unprecedented. The fashionable epidemic catches first one class, and then another, and seems likely to penetrate to every part of the body politic. Already it has reached the middle classes—even the lower-middle, as they are called in the language of social science—to an extent which is not generally known. Farmers' daughters are adding it to their other accomplishments of music and embroidery. The “young persons” who sit behind bars in all the glory of ringlets and radiant colours, and that much more impressive class of young persons who dispense, with queenly condescension, fiery soup or coffee at a railway buffet, snatch an interval from business hours to devote to croquet. There is no reason that it should stop there. Pending its introduction into National Schools, one may venture to anticipate that it will not supersede, as it is not intended to supersede, any of the old-established games. Cricket, for the present, is safe. Croquet merely fills the gap in the cycle of amusements between that national sport and billiards.

ACTA SANCTORUM.

IF all biography has its interest, religious biography has special interests of its own. A man's outer life, and his influence on or connexion with the external world, fall into the general stream of history; but a religious biography has a dramatic unity. It is what is called a monograph. It presents a single study, a definite model, a complete whole. But its value depends upon other considerations than the mere fact that it can be easily grasped. It is personal, and every reader's sympathies are attracted by the story of a man's spiritual life, his growth, his experiences. It suggests meditation and comparison; it is the record of what a soul did under certain circumstances which might be our own. In the lives of the Saints we read, not only what we ought to be, but what, had we properly used our opportunities, we might have been. A good man's life, fairly and truly recorded, is one of the greatest aids to goodness. It is theory put into solid fact. Example, as the saying is, is more instructive than precept. A paragraph in the *Times*—apparently *communiqué*, and dignified by large type—announces the death of one who, judging from the prominence given to his brief obituary, was, we suppose, no common man. The venerable Dr. Marsh, Rector of Beddington, died last week in the ninetieth year of his age; and his dying words, addressed to the whole body of the clergy, have been communicated to them through the *Times* newspaper. Another authority announces other last words, addressed to a yet larger audience by “this venerable patriarch now gathered into the heavenly garner.” The *Times* is commissioned to deliver Dr. Marsh's closing testimony in these words:—“Tell the clergy to preach Christ, to live Christ, to serve Christ, and they will joy and praise in eternity.” Mr. W. Tilson Marsh thus writes to the *Record*:—“Kindly say to the Church of believers throughout the world that his last words to his only son were words for the individual and for the aggregated members of the whole Church Militant, ‘God bless thee, and make thee a blessing. Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord of Hosts.’” And Mr. W. Tilson Marsh goes on to observe that, “in these days of strife and danger, such words, from a dying patriarch now numbered with the saints in glory, may comfort, strengthen, and animate”—which consideration is further enforced by the intimation that Dr. Marsh “said more than once upon his death-bed that times of great trouble are coming upon this nation and upon the world.” The great solemnity of these announcements, and the extraordinary publicity which has been given to Dr. Marsh's death-bed “utterances”; the assumption, on the part of his family and friends, that a prophet, or at least one in whom

Old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain,

has been taken from among us; and the calm and undoubting assurance that the late Dr. Marsh has been at once “gathered into the heavenly garner,” and is already “numbered with the saints in glory”—make this no common event. The occasion has been invested with public and exceptional importance. Being so presented to the general world, we are almost challenged to examine its value and general interest.

And, first, we are bound to say that if there seems to be something of egotism and assumption in what is told us of the late Dr. Marsh, such an estimate of the venerable patriarch's dying moments must—or at least much of it must—be attributed to his hasty biographers. We should say that his last words, as recorded by his only son, were exclusively addressed to that only son, and that the only son would have displayed truer filial reverence by

keeping them to himself. At least he would have done more wisely by his father's memory if he had not interpreted what was simply a religious paternal blessing, "God bless thee," &c., as words intended, which they obviously were not, for "the aggregated members of the whole church militant." And good taste might have suggested that it would be treating that father's dying words more dutifully if Mr. Marsh junior treasured them in his own heart, instead of asking the *Record* "kindly to say to the church of believers throughout the world"—that is, to proclaim *urbi et orbi*, to the millions of all Christian men, and possibly to scoffers—words which, simple enough, were only intended for a single ear. For the question at once arises, what is there so very comforting, strengthening, and animating "to the church of believers throughout the world" in so very commonplace a phrase as "God bless thee, and make thee a blessing. Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord of Hosts"? And if it should be urged that there is something arrogant in Dr. Marsh's message, "Tell the clergy," &c., we should not be disposed to be over-critical with an old man of ninety. When St. Francis of Sales was canonized, some irreverent French wit observed that he was a very good man, only that he used to cheat at cards; and so, of Dr. Marsh's dying message, we can only regret that its grammar was not a little more accurate.

And if the question arises, who was Dr. Marsh, and what were his especial qualifications to send apostolic messages to the church of believers throughout the world generally, and to deliver cautions to the clergy, and to have his nonagenarian speculations recorded as those of a prophet, the responsibility of having his qualifications canvassed rests entirely upon those who have already announced his beatification. We are told, without hesitation or misgiving, that Dr. Marsh is "now numbered with the saints in glory," and that "the dying patriarch has been gathered into the heavenly garner." Is this, then, a doctrine to be accepted—namely, that there are infallible signs and tokens, known to a circle of adepts, of a man's certainty of heaven, and of his actual admission into the realms of glory? And is it orthodox teaching that a single moment conveys any human being to the instant inheritance of the saints? We are not theologians; but we have been taught that there is an intermediate state and a day of judgment, and that there is a final award on "that day." Is this teaching right? Scripture seems to speak of gathering into the garner as an event connected with the Day of Judgment; the *Record* newspaper and Mr. W. Tilson Marsh speak of the certainty of at least one patriarch entering into glory one day last week. There seems to be a contradiction between the two views; and as these are times in which we hear a good deal about the letter of the Bible, we must profess that, to our eyes, there seems to be some very considerable difference between the Scriptural account of the Last Judgment and the *Record's* account of Dr. Marsh's certain and immediate beatitude. But religious newspapers know best, and when the difference is only between the Bible and the *Record* we can have no doubt which is right. What, then, was the life of this "venerable patriarch now numbered with the saints in glory"? For ourselves we never heard of Dr. Marsh except as a very respectable gentleman, unknown as a preacher or theologian, but who lived a blameless life, and was ninety years of age, remarkable chiefly in his daughter, known as a popular religious writer, and who laboured hard among the Beckenham navvies. We find, by the first sketch of his biography in the *Record*, that Dr. Marsh was successively Vicar of Basildon; Vicar of St. Peter's, Colchester; Rector of St. Thomas, Birmingham; Incumbent of St. Mary, Leamington; and Rector of Beddington; and by reference to the Clergy List we make out that the late Dr. Marsh's sixty-six years' ministry of "zeal, devotedness, and love" procured a graduated list of preferments, constantly ascending in emolument, for which he was indebted to the Simeon and other Trustees. The list stands thus:—Basildon, patrons, Simeon Trustees, value 200*l.*; St. Peter's, Colchester, patrons, Simeon Trustees, value 285*l.*; Birmingham, St. Thomas, patrons, Trustees, value 480*l.*; Leamington, St. Mary, patrons, Trustees, value — (inclusive of pews); Beddington, value 1,212*l.* (private patronage). This preferment has of late years been always sold, and it is not announced who preferred the late Rector.

We have no particular charge to make against this type of the clerical career. It is the ordinary one of a clergyman, with a steady eye to business, rising, by successive stages of promotion and the help of his personal friends, through an ascending scale of improving income to a very fat benefice at last. It is no discredit to a clergyman to be on good terms with the Simeon Trustees, and to enjoy their benefits in turn. If Dr. Marsh had been a Simeon Trustee himself, he could not have had a better run of trustee churches. We do not say it is wrong for any clergyman to change his preferment any number of times when he can get a better living. But this is undeniably all that we know of Dr. Marsh. This course is doubtless not inconsistent with the highest sanctity. Trustee churches are a very great help to a religious school; and the saints have as much right as other folks to all the goods they can get. But then Dr. Marsh's friends challenge comparisons. They tell us that he belonged "to that company of earnest men who, in the close of the last century, when the clergy of the Church of England were for the most part more occupied with the pleasures of the field than with the cure of souls, were the means of renewing its life and energy." If the eighteenth-century clergy were mighty hunters of foxes, at least one model patriarch of the nineteenth was very successful in stalking preferment. To have

bagged five livings, each one better than its predecessor, and to have risen in clerical income from 200*l.* to 1,212*l.* per annum, proves that ninety years may be profitably spent in the interests of both worlds, and that watching is not inconsistent with praying. Dr. Marsh is somewhat arrogantly contrasted with his fathers. A strong and very loose, and some people think an unjust, judgment is passed on the clergy of the Church of England representing a whole century. "For the most part," they were careless, mere Nimrods, dumb dogs, only occupied with the pleasures of the field. But Dr. Marsh belonged to "a company of earnest men," who at any rate are not blind to their own merits, nor slow-footed in the race of preferment. And in this respect Dr. Marsh is a typical man. He does represent the later history of the Evangelical school. They began by opposing the world's evil things, and they have ended in attempting to get a monopoly of the Church's good things. The company of earnest men who, sixty years ago, originated the Clapham Sect, did much of the work of Apostles to the Gentiles, but they have now become, as has been said of another religionist of the day—Apostles to the Genteels. Success, deaneries, and a Pelagian Premier's patronage have made the company of earnest men much as other men are. We can see no difference whatever between Dr. Marsh and any other average clergyman who makes the best he can, and in the long run a very good thing, out of his profession. And certainly we should not have had a word to say about him, as we have not a word to say against him, had not his apotheosis been so very prominently forced upon public attention. But when any man is commended to universal admiration and unquestioning and awful respect in language which the Bible scarcely pronounces about the most heroic saints, and when we are invited to listen to the apocalyptic words, and to receive the Apostolic messages of a patriarch and a prophet, we may at least ask, if this is the odour of modern sanctity, what manner of man it is who dies in it.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS AND THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

WITH every disposition to abstain from unfair comparisons, it is difficult to restrain the feeling of impatience with which one toils through the music of the season now ending, contrasting it in remembrance with the music of older schools in the history of the art. Notwithstanding much undeniable painstaking, and an occasional gleam of originality and grace, it cannot be denied that the large majority of new pieces are far from rising even to the dead level of mediocrity. A tune that will haunt the ear, or a movement that one cares to repeat or study for the sake of the skill and thought displayed in its construction, is still a rarity. At the same time, this sense of feebleness and frivolity in the works of the day is quickened by an occasional republication of the half-forgotten works of older writers. A series like Herr Ganz's *Diamants Retrouvés* (Lonsdale), or a set issued by the same publisher of *Classical and Celebrated Compositions for the Pianoforte*, seems to lift the player and listener into another world of thought and feeling. Take, for instance, Bach's *Gavotte and Bourrée* in D major, or his *Gigue* in the same key, and compare them with the vapid sentimentalism now so popular. Here we have the ideas and the emotions of a man who writes music because the music is in him, and not because he wants something to sell to the shops, or to impose upon helpless pupils and ignorant parents. Though far less difficult than his fugues, undoubtedly these lighter works of the great Sebastian require a player who has the full and independent use of all the fingers of both hands, and they would puzzle the young ladies who look upon the execution of flights of arpeggios in five, six, or seven flats as the *ne plus ultra* of mechanical skill. But, to those who are taught in a better school, what force and meaning there is in every bar, what subordination of every part, and what unity in the whole! Or take the slighter works of once popular writers inferior to Bach, such as the Neapolitan Paradies, whose fifth sonata has been disinterred by Herr Ganz; what piquancy in its simple tune, what neatness in the short scales and divisions, mechanical as they seem when compared to the freer movements of the present day, what propriety in the little turns and episodes, and what a pleasant sense of satisfaction and completeness such pieces leave upon the hearer's mind! This same impression of manliness and vivacity in the composers of the past is strengthened by another quite recent publication, the *Rounds, Catches, and Canons of England*, with an Introductory Essay by Dr. Rimbault (Cramer & Co.). How curiously domestic life must have changed since the time when these pleasant musical ingenuities were the delight of social gatherings. Especially significant of the change that has taken place in the manners of society is the contrast between the words of these old rounds and catches and those now in favour with song-writers. Though in many instances softened down and refined to suit our notions of correctness, they are still indicative of a vigour and free reality both of thought and language which make the proprieties of the modern drawing-room seem as inane and artificial as are the "washy virtues" of the large New College window when compared with the uncouth drawing and brilliant colouring of the glass of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. If we have learnt to reject the grotesque, the coarse, and the boisterous, it is but a sorry mixture of the false and the twaddling that we have taken up instead. Our forefathers meant the words they sang to be heard and relished; while the inarticulate mumbling in which our present singers delight is perhaps the best fate to which the words of modern songs can be consigned. Taken as a whole, the collection before us is by far the most

complete ever published, and is full of interest to the musician. Its study may be recommended as a most wholesome tonic to the sickly musical constitution of the present day. Dr. Rimbault's essay is valuable and full of information, but from so well-informed a writer and so successful a collector we are surprised to meet with the statement that the vocal concerted pieces of Italy and Germany are essentially different in character, and that no such thing exists as a foreign round or catch; for we happen to have before us a MS. collection of old Italian canons by Martini, Metastasio, and other composers of the school now unhappily extinct in Italy, as everywhere else.

Of the actually new publications of the season, those of the most pretension are by ladies. Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew's cantata, *Supplication and Thanksgiving* (Metzler & Co.), is the work of one who has well studied and long practised composition as an art, and who, if not gifted with any striking originality, possesses a pure and refined taste, and a power of producing graceful and expressive melody without plagiarism. The cantata is unquestionably above the ordinary level, and is just one of those works in criticizing which "comparisons are odious," as it is really good in itself and worth studying for its own sake. It may be conscientiously recommended to those smaller choral societies who would do well to let Handel and Mendelssohn alone, and who encounter their difficulties only to prove their own rashness in the attempt. Miss Gabriel's cantata, *Graziella*, though showing less experience in writing, and betraying a still lingering tendency to think as a pianoforte player rather than as one who is handling an orchestra and chorus, is more original in its ideas, and promises well for the future. It is better planned and worked out than the same lady's *Dreamland*, pretty as this latter is. Miss Gabriel's special gift consists in a genuine and unaffected feeling for the picturesque and flowing, and everything she writes shows the spontaneity of her ideas, while now and then she breaks out into little snatches of tune which the most mature composer might envy. Clever, however, as *Graziella*, it contains nothing so good as the same composer's setting of Mr. Browning's stanzas, *At the Window* (Addison & Lucas). Here we have, not a mere string of pleasing phrases, but a real song, clearly and forcibly developing a well-conceived musical idea, the melody resting upon full and sufficient harmonies, and terminating with a *bona fide* climax, that merit so rare in all kinds of music. No better song has lately appeared from any English composer.

Why is it, then—to return to the complaint we have been making—that, with rare exceptions, the composers of the day so grievously fail in producing anything beyond the feeble mediocrities which weary the critic, and make drawing-room music simply a nuisance to the cultivated hearer? Is it only that nature is unkind, and denies us the divine fire, or is there some root of evil which time, judgment, and diligence may eradicate? We are disposed to think—whatever may be the fact as to the deficiency of musical inspiration in the English mind—that, wherever it does exist, it has little chance of development in the present condition of what it is now the fashion to call the "artist" world. It is the custom to charge the poverty of English music upon the difficulty of obtaining a thorough musical education in London, as compared with the facilities afforded by the great musical centres in Germany. This, however, is, we apprehend, but a superficial view of the matter; and the sooner the professional world disabuses itself of the notion, the more rapid will be the culture of such latent genius as the country may possess. The poverty of idea, dulness of feeling, and feebleness of expression which characterize the present period are the result not only of defective musical education, but of defective general education in those who follow the art as a profession. Good music is essentially the embodiment of the thoughts and emotions of cultivated minds. It is as absurd to look for great works from a mere mechanical performer, or from one whose knowledge is confined to the rules of music, as to expect a country schoolmaster to write poetry like Wordsworth or Tennyson simply because he has learnt the laws of versification. The study of poetry alone never made a poet, and the study of music alone will never make a composer. The great masters have all been men of excellent general abilities, in most cases aided by a sound general education. And it is to the want of this thorough culture of the faculties that both of the two pressing evils which the musical profession are loud in lamenting are to be traced, so that the remedy for one of them will prove also the remedy for the other. The more intelligent and cultivated of professional musicians feel the grievance of the social position of the "artist" more annoying every year that passes, while they are compelled to see that the English public still refuses to recognise English composers as worthy to be named with those of Germany, Italy, and even of France. While a steady social approximation is going on among all other sections of society, through that singular mixture of the aristocratic and democratic ideas in which lies the secret of English progress and stability, the musical profession alone seems forbidden to share in the universal improvement. Though it is their trade—like that of the barrister, the physician, and the clergyman—to sell the products of the brain, society persists in placing them, as a class, in a position below that of the thriving shopkeeper. While seeking at their hands its own most refined and elevating pleasures, it regards them personally as little better than mechanics or menials, and denies them the place in its system which it freely accords to ignorant and pretentious wealth. And all the time their wounded *amour propre* is not even soothed by any distinguished success in their own line. They have the unenviable consciousness of their own mediocrity as artists; and while

lamenting what they insist on calling the prejudices of the English public against native composers, they feel that the prejudice is only too well justified by the actual facts of the case.

In this unsatisfactory state of affairs, it cannot be too strongly impressed upon the profession that the remedy is in their own hands. They must cease to regard a purely professional education as sufficient to make a man a cultivated musician. They must recognise and act upon the truth that music in its highest forms is not the expression of human thought and emotion as they exist in the superficial and the unlettered, but as deepened and refined by those studies and habits which are peculiar to the better classes of English life. A man may practise the fiddle or the pianoforte for eight or ten hours a day, and become a master of all the technicalities of contrapuntal science, and yet be as unable to take a place in polite society as if he had spent all his life behind a counter. Musicians must share the general interests of educated men and women, or they must remain a class apart. They must be like other persons in their knowledge of politics, literature, social and local matters of business, and all those other details which constitute the bonds of daily intercourse, both public and private. And just in proportion as the professional world come to be like the rest of the world, so will they find the barriers of vulgar prejudice give way, and an abundance of non-professional musicians only too glad to welcome them to the position they desire. Meanwhile, whatever natural genius they possess will be receiving its thorough culture, and will produce that fruit which is now so rare. If music is anything better than an alternation between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, it is nothing less than the language of the human heart and head; and just as the heart and head are affected by education and civilization, so will the musical expression of the ideas of the educated and civilized be different from those of the common herd. Doubtless we must not forget the fact that musical genius is not equally distributed among all the races of mankind, and it is possible that the English climate and English modes of life are less favourable than those of some other countries to the specially musical organization. We believe, nevertheless, that this organization exists in England to a far larger extent than is supposed, and that the chief hindrance to its development is the fact that professional musicians are for the most part musicians and nothing more. The direct influence of music on English life is small, partly because it is, as a rule, so abominably taught, and partly because the race for riches is so fierce amongst us all. Yet how seldom one meets with a man who likes to own that he is destitute of musical sensibility! Persons who are incapable of being touched by the "concord of sweet sounds" are regarded as lacking something necessary to the completeness of their nature. There is no more common source of lamentation among gentlemen than their want of technical and mechanical skill as performers. The old notions that a love of music indicates effeminacy or leads to gross vice are long since exploded in cultivated society. In fact, the golden opportunity is now arrived for the more thoughtful and prosperous of the professional world to set themselves seriously to work to raise the standard of refinement and education among their brethren; and they may rest assured that if they do their duty they will not be doomed to the fate of those who, though they deserve success, nevertheless always fail to obtain it.

REVIEWS.

VICTOR HUGO ON SHAKSPEARE.*

THE greatest living Continental poet and the most popular of French writers has paid Shakspeare the compliment of a book inscribed with his name, and England the further compliment of a dedication. As he candidly admits, the proper title of the book would be *A propos de Shakspeare*, and the words must be construed in the sense in which a sermon is *à propos* of the text, or a chapter in a novel of the motto at its head. The book was written to introduce a French translation of Shakspeare by the author's son, M. Francis Victor Hugo; and it has taken the form of an essay on art, on religion, on philosophy, on the French revolution, on men of genius, including Shakspeare, and on things or transcendental things in general. The tone is intentionally declamatory or dithyrambic, and some of M. Hugo's flights of eloquence defy or realize caricature. A sublime indifference to facts and to modern criticism facilitates large historical generalizations, while it furnishes an unlimited abundance of startling coincidences and of subtle analogies. Thus it appears, in an episode on the life and character of St. Paul, that he was tried at Athens before the Court of Areopagus, which had before condemned Socrates, after acquitting Orestes according to the report which is contained in the *Eumenides* of Æschylus. If a man of genius could have spared time to read the Acts of the Apostles, or the Defence of Socrates as recorded by Plato, he would have found that Socrates was tried by the popular jury-court, or dikastery, and that St. Paul was not tried at all. The Areopagus took its name from Mars' Hill, and St. Paul addressed the Stoics and Epicureans and the Athenian multitude on the same spot. M. Hugo might as well have asserted that Pope was tried before

* William Shakspeare. Par Victor Hugo. 1864.

the Court of King's Bench as often as he visited Murray at his chambers in King's Bench Walk. The scholarship which attributes to the Areopagus supreme criminal jurisdiction at Athens is near akin to the accurate investigation of recent history which precipitated the victorious cuirassiers at Waterloo into an imaginary ditch. M. Hugo's fancy reproduces the famous steps of stone, on which "sat potent judges, the same before whom Orestes had appeared. It is there that Socrates had been sentenced. Paul goes there; and there by night—the Areopagus sat only at night—he says to these gloomy men—'I come to declare unto you the unknown God.'"

With perfect consistency, M. Hugo enumerates, among the wonders related by Homer, "Styx, Destiny, the heel of Achilles, without which Destiny would be conquered by the Styx." It is scarcely necessary to observe that the Iliad is as silent on the limited invulnerability of Achilles as the New Testament about the appearance of St. Paul before the Areopagus. It seems a part of M. Hugo's conception of history to adopt all the fables which have deformed it, and to add legends of his own. He knows more of the life of St. John, whom he styles *le vieillard vierge*, than Mr. Browning's Pamphylax, and he supposes himself to be the first discoverer of the notorious coincidences between the Book of the Revelation and the Book of Daniel. When so apocryphal a traveller returns from unknown regions with stores of marvellous observations, it is difficult to know how far he even intends to discriminate between truth and fiction. It is possible that M. Hugo may have read the Vedas and the Ramayana more carefully than the abridgment of the History of Greece, and that, notwithstanding the alleged mutilations of the sacred text by the Brahmins, he may have discovered in the Hindoo Scriptures that "Zoroaster is there, the Tzed Serasch is there; the Eschem of the Mazdean appears there under the name of Siva; Manicheism is there distinct between Brahma and Buddha." The ordinary reader, incapable of distinguishing for himself between Serasch and Eschem, and not even knowing whether those personages are to be found anywhere in literature or mythology, cannot but reflect that, in the little things, or commonplaces, of the Iliad and the Acts, M. Hugo was not found scrupulously faithful. His confidence is not restored by an eloquent digression on Germany, in which it appears that Galgacus, who was last heard of in Tacitus as a Celtic chieftain on the Grampians, has by some unaccountable process become the national German hero; "Galgacus has been for the Germans what Caractacus has been for the Britons." As the most remarkable peculiarity of the book, besides its discursive rhetoric, is an elaborate display of learning, it would be satisfactory to ascertain that M. Hugo had read any of the authors whom he quotes. He appears to be familiar with the scientific doctrines, if not with the writings, of Hermes, Sanchoniathon, Zoroaster, Pittacus, Pherecydes, Plato, Carneades, Empedocles, Democritus, Posidonius, Artemidorus, Plotinus, Averroes, Cardan, Cornelius Agrippa, Gassendi, Leibnitz, Lagrange, and Cuvier; and the list of writers in the departments of literature and art would be considerably longer. A philosopher of former times was in the habit of citing, with similar fluency, Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus, in support of the profound proposition of "anarchon, kai ateleutaion to pan"; but Mr. Jenkinson spelt *anarchon* correctly with a χ , and M. Hugo unfortunately represents Phrynichus as having substituted κ for the aspirated guttural in a long compound word beginning with $\alpha\rho\chi\alpha\sigma$.

It is surprising that a writer of great and undoubted genius should be extravagantly fond of the vague bombast which commonly proceeds from awkward literary pretenders. According to Sterne's free translation, Cicero was consoled for the death of his daughter Tullia by the thought that there was a good opportunity for his eloquence:—"When I thought how many fine things might be said on the subject, no one can conceive how happy, how delighted it made me." M. Hugo has as many fine sayings ready for every topic which he touches as would have served Cicero for a lifetime. It was surely unnecessary to prove that Shakespeare's plays were not suggested by table-turning, and then to dilate on the mystery of spirit-rapping. Of mysteries, indeed, M. Hugo is so fond that he discovers them or collects them from the most unexpected sources. He wishes to know why Euripides was born during the battle of Salamis, while Sophocles was praying and while Æschylus was fighting. Why was Alexander born on the night in which the temple of Ephesus was burnt? Why did Alexander and Diogenes, Shakespeare and Cervantes, respectively die on the same day? The latest marvel is perhaps lessened by the consideration that Cervantes died by the Gregorian calendar and Shakespeare by the Julian; but the previous puzzles admit of no satisfactory solution. In an imaginary conversation, published many years ago in *Blackwood*, Father Tom Maguire silences Pope Gregory XVI. by a similar demand: "Why, your Holiness, were Julius Cæsar and the Virgin Mary born on the same day?" Why, according to the philosophic sceptic in *Joe Miller*, does a fish placed in a vessel full of water not cause the water to overflow? The facts which require explanation are, in all these cases, equally well authenticated. In one of the critical dissertations which form the best and the smallest part of the volume, M. Hugo offers a vigorous and just apology for the liberal use of illustrations and metaphors. An imaginative writer, and especially a poet, expresses himself most naturally and most intelligibly in concrete instances and in more or less far-fetched parallelisms, by which the same process of thought or imagination is recognised in

two widely different applications; but unless historical examples are truly quoted, and natural objects faithfully represented, the solid support of the vaguer and more general abstraction becomes altogether illusory. Of all writers, the most minutely attentive to external reality are Shakespeare, Dante, and Virgil. If Chamouni had been accessible to any of the three, he would certainly not have placed the *Jardin* in the *Mer de Glace*, "above the terrible arch of the Arveyron." The arch of thirty or forty feet high is separated by several miles, and by 6,000 feet of height, from the *Jardin*, which is at a considerable distance from the *Mer de Glace*.

Many Englishmen admire and appreciate M. Hugo, and he would willingly return their courtesy; but although he says several civil things of their country, he implies that England is great only because it has produced Shakespeare; and Shakespeare himself scarcely fills a twentieth part of the book which is inscribed with his name. Wellington "is a general who has gained a battle with the help of chance." It might be objected that Wellington has also had the honour of forcing M. Hugo, M. Thiers, M. de Lamartine, and a dozen other eminent Frenchmen, to write fictitious histories of Waterloo, for the purpose of discrediting the general who won the battle. Of the Peninsular war, of the comprehensive intellect and the resolute will which controlled English policy while it held the French marshals in check, and of the simple devotion to duty which has chiefly endeared the name of Wellington to his countrymen, M. Hugo is wholly ignorant. Although, in common with all foreign critics, and with a certain show of reason, he accuses England of egotism, he has not succeeded in emancipating himself from the characteristic narrowness which may be called Parisian cockneyism. When he declares that since the Revolution the French character has become grander and more cosmopolitan, he sums up his eulogy by saying that "it is less local and more fraternal, less Gallic and more human. It represents more and more Paris, the city which is the head of the world." Less local, and more identified with that single place which concentrates and exaggerates all the peculiarities of Frenchmen! English egotism is at least co-extensive with the insular limits which are supposed to define and explain it. In another passage, M. Hugo says that civilization, once confined to the Greek or to the Roman world, now coincides with "the French world (*groupe*), that is, with all Europe, with commencements in America, in Asia, and in Africa." England, then, is after all only a part of France, which has already swallowed up Germany, Italy, and Spain. America, after attaining unequalled prosperity, has for three or four years displayed military heroism, and hereafter it will probably rise to moral and political greatness. It might have been thought that a nation which speaks English, and which is thoroughly English in its qualities and defects, was, notwithstanding the services of Lafayette and Rochambeau, scarcely a part of *le groupe Français*: but, according to M. Hugo, "France, the experimentalist of progress, has founded a Republic in America before it created one in Europe, *et vidit quod esset bonum*." For sixty years past, contemplating her own Republic, France can scarcely be said to have seen that it was good. M. Victor Hugo is an exile solely because the French nation abhors the original chaos of 1793 and despises the mimicry of 1848. Other nations are not likely to become converts to the Jacobin faith, if their sacrifices are to be rewarded by absorption into a French group of dependencies. It was scarcely worth while for Shakespeare to illustrate the literature of a language which is to be merely provincial, although it will soon be spoken by a tenth part of mankind. In the same spirit, M. Hugo assured the Peace Congress which met at Paris in 1848, that European war would shortly cease, like the civil quarrels of Burgundy and Brittany after the amalgamation of the French provinces into a centralized monarchy. When the empire of the world is administered from the Tuileries, there will no longer be political exiles, because no refuge will be left on earth. Frenchmen and Americans ought to learn that even Englishmen are capable of a certain national pride. When Mr. Beecher impudently recommended to his English admirers a total change of their national institutions, he was only regarded as a vulgar intruder. M. Victor Hugo, as a foreign visitor of a different order, ought to be more careful not to wound a legitimate susceptibility.

M. Hugo's opinion of Shakespeare is intimated in a dialogue which he supposes himself to have held with his son on their first arrival in Guernsey. "How will you pass your time in exile?" said the son. "I will look at the ocean—and you?" "I," replied M. Francis Victor Hugo, "will translate Shakespeare." Accordingly, M. Hugo professes to study the boundless poet, and not to criticise as defects his currents or his shallows. As the founder and chief of the Romantic school of French poetry and fiction, the commentator has even an exaggerated sympathy with the freedom from rules which he attributes to Shakespeare. Another collateral recommendation is supplied by the frivolous pedants who have accused Shakespeare of addressing the rabble, or, according to M. Hugo, the people. Democratic socialism accepts the accusation as involuntary praise, although Shakespeare himself perhaps scarcely felt sufficient reverence for the mobs in *Julius Cæsar* and *Coriolanus*. Independently, however, of literary associations or of personal predilections, M. Hugo has the largeness of mind and the force of imagination which enable him to appreciate consummate greatness. He has, as he says, no

fault to find with the saltiness of the sea, or with the spots in the sun:—

Horace may be allowed his *quandoque bonus dormitat*. I have no objection. It is certain that Homer would not say so of Horace. He would not take the trouble. The eagle would be charmed with the garrulous hummingbird. I admit that it is pleasant for a man to feel his superiority, and say, "Homer is puerile; Dante is childish." It is a nice kind of smile to have. To crush these poor geniuses. Why not? It is agreeable to be the Abbé Trublet, and say, Milton is a schoolboy. What wit a man has who knows that Shakespeare has none! His name is La Harpe, or Delandine, or Auger; he is, was, or will be, a member of the Academy. "All these great men are full of extravagances, of bad taste, and of childishness." What a fine sentence to deliver! These ways give a pleasant titillation to those who enjoy them; and in fact, after saying "This giant is short," one can fancy oneself to be tall. Every one has his taste. For my part, I, who am speaking here, admire everything like an animal, which is the reason why I have written this book. To admire, to be enthusiastic. It has seemed to me that, in our age, this example of folly was worth giving.

The reference to Horace is too contemptuous, but M. Hugo's satire is spirited and just, though it might have been thought that, in France as well as in Germany and England, the criticism of the eighteenth century had become obsolete. M. Hugo's admiration is sincere, and by no means childish; but, perhaps from incomplete familiarity with the language, he recognises but imperfectly the comic side of Shakespeare's genius. A closer study will perhaps lead him to doubt whether Falstaff was a coward, or even a centaur, with a pig for his lower half instead of a horse. Shakespeare would not have revelled with hearty enjoyment in the delineation of a *centaure-porc*.

Almost the only specific criticism in the book consists in the doubtful proposition that in every play, except *Romeo and Juliet* and *Macbeth*, a minor plot of the same kind, like a secondary rainbow, faintly reflects the main action. Laertes, like Hamlet, has a father's death to revenge. Gloucester, as well as Lear, is the victim of partricial cruelty. As no additional examples are given, it is difficult to continue the parallel; and more interest attaches to M. Hugo's comparison of Hamlet to Orestes. No modern critic has dwelt with warmer or more intelligent enthusiasm on the grandeur of *Æschylus*, and it is almost surprising that he should not have noticed the strange resemblance between Lady Macbeth and Clytemnestra which is indicated in one of Mr. Thackeray's vignettes to *Vanity Fair*. A fuller discussion of Shakespeare's literary character would have been welcome, even if it had superseded a short biography which displays the usual indifference of the writer to historical accuracy and certainty. It is highly probable, from internal evidence, that Shakespeare may have spent some time in a lawyer's office, but M. Hugo knows no better than more laborious inquirers that he was actually either an attorney's clerk or a schoolmaster. He was certainly not persecuted by Ben Jonson, who was not a second-rate comic poet. It is entirely a mistake to suppose that the belief in Shakespeare was imported from France, and that he was comparatively unknown during the last century. Pope and Johnson, the most considerable men of letters in their respective generations, would not have been employed to edit an obscure or forgotten dramatist. It is unfortunately true that no statue of Shakespeare represents the pride and gratitude of his countrymen. If a sculptor should ever arise in England, the defect will probably be supplied, and in the meantime M. Hugo may be assured that the comparative brilliancy of the Princess Alexandra's entry into London and of the Shakespeare Tercentenary furnishes but an inaccurate measure of the relative importance which Englishmen attach to royal pageants and to immortal works of genius.

Shakespeare furnishes little more than a title to the miscellaneous exposition of M. Hugo's opinions and aspirations. One of the soundest passages in the volume consists of an eloquent argument to prove that poetry and art ought to be subservient to practical objects. Whatever may have been the theory or practice of Shakespeare, M. Hugo has consistently followed the example of the fabulous Orpheus, of the Hebrew Prophets, of Lucretius and his Greek models, and of all the poets who as teachers have striven to attain the twofold character of the *vates*. His doctrines deserve attention because they are the subject of a genuine and aggressive fanaticism or implicit belief. With an honourable inconsistency, M. Hugo is a sincere friend of liberty, although he is a socialist and a partisan of universal suffrage. By his forced or voluntary exile, he has proved as a confessor the depth and genuineness of his convictions, and cold-blooded Englishmen hesitate to condemn a faith which they strive in vain to understand. M. Hugo's ideal representations of revolutionary perfection are not in themselves attractive. Bishop Myriel and Jean Valjean belong essentially to the past, as far as they can be conceived to have any connexion with reality. Cosette, the daughter of the people, is a heartless and sensual doll, and her lover is the most offensive, selfish, and incapable of puritanical coxcombs. The conspirators who are shot down at the barricade are less to be pitied than wild beasts; and their leader Enjolras more especially is a hateful pedant, who thinks, in the spirit of a Dominican or early Jesuit, that suicide is a sufficient atonement for murder. The book which bears the name of Shakespeare preaches Jacobinism in a different form, and in England at least it will produce few proselytes; yet it is well worth while to visit an alien region of thought, if only for the purpose of escaping from the narrowness of commonplace opinions or assumptions. The journey is especially instructive when it is performed under the guidance of a generous character, and of a lofty and fertile genius.

ROME UNDER PIUS IX.*

WHEN a writer begins his book with a statement that "it is a maxim with an Englishman to respect religious convictions, however they may differ from his own," we are at once ready for a roaring tirade either against some particular creed or against creeds in general. If a man in private life opens his attack by assuring you that he is not angry, you know that it is only the prelude to a display of exceptional fury, and, in the same way, a disclaimer of bigotry is the unmistakable sign of a ferocious outburst of narrowmindedness. Nobody, moreover, would ever think of making respect for the religious convictions of others the distinctive maxim of "an Englishman," unless he had been on the orthodox side all his life, and had carefully forgotten the very large circulation of the so-called religious newspapers. Mr. Fullom's first lines, therefore, fully inform us of the position which he will take up. At first, he assures us, he "stipulated for avoidance of the religious part of the Roman question;" but he was soon convinced by a few days' residence in Rome that every secular grievance showed the Roman Catholic religion in action, and that no abuse existed which the religion had not introduced. Still, he might have adhered to his original intention but for two things. He found that an organization existed at Rome "to entrap Protestants," and his "last scruple was removed by the attacks made on the English Church in the recent publications of Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Newman." It is hard to decide which of these two reasons for Mr. Fullom's sacrifice of his scruples is the more curious, when we remember, in the first place, how proud "an Englishman" generally is of his own organizations for "entrapping" Jews and Irishmen; and, secondly, that Dr. Newman's attack on the English Church was no attack at all, but a mere piece of self-defence against an attack on his own Church. Because the Roman Catholics try to bring other people over to their own way of thinking, as Protestants do, and because Dr. Newman is audacious enough to castigate a Protestant clergyman who had voluntarily assailed him, therefore Mr. Fullom feels justified in ignoring for a time the fundamental maxim of his nation, and treating himself to an unrestrained outbreak of ignorance and prejudice.

Mr. Fullom begins his book, in the ordinary way, by a brief account of his sensations on first arriving at Rome. He tells us how his memory teemed with associations of a "stirring and varied" kind—among others, with the slightly original idea that "here freedom was born," which is about as absurd as if his memory had teemed with the reflection that "here original sin" or "here human nature was born." Then, besides the gratification of being in the birthplace of freedom, he felt a glow of satisfaction on remembering that Rome had been the subject of "the first romance from his pen," and in finding the romance still circulating both in English and French. But Mr. Fullom soon comes to business. His indignation is first aroused at finding that he meets a shrine of the Virgin at every corner, until at length he is "forced to exclaim, 'Great is Mary of the Romans'"—an exclamation that is followed by some Spurgeonic attempts to be funny. "The winking Virgins have done the Church some service—is there nothing to be done by a black one?" There is nothing under the sun out of which a traveller with the true Cockney spirit, especially if it be spiced with a strong religious antipathy, will not complacently extract his joke. A shower of potato parings falls on Mr. Fullom's head from an attic window, and, remembering that he is in the city of miracles and prodigies, he is quite disappointed to find that "the downpour is artificial." The Pope's carriage passes him, and yet "the road stands firm as if it had not been traversed by Heaven's vicegerent." A patrol of the Papal army goes by, and he reflects—"the Church is now militant indeed, and has abandoned bulls for balls." The Swiss guard make a fine appearance, "though it is in the style of the soldiers in *Henry the Fourth* at Drury Lane." Even a funeral only makes Mr. Fullom remark how the howl of the Capuchins "would horrify Mark Tapley." But trumpery witticisms of this sort are more amusing than the author's efforts when he is serious. At first he seems to have been rather astounded that the Roman Church did not base its pretensions on the episcopate of St. Paul rather than upon that of St. Peter, which, as he very truly says, is quite unsupported and apocryphal. But some friend, we presume, pointed out to him that the founding of a church "upon this rock" could scarcely be transferred to St. Paul. He then sees that "the design is to give Rome the primacy of Christendom." "We know," he continues, "what use is made of the address to St. Peter, when his confession of faith is styled 'this rock,' and the term could not be twisted to apply thus to St. Paul, who was not present; hence Peter takes the higher place with Rome, as affording more capabilities." And then follows an extraordinary piece of Scriptural exegesis:—"In fact, none of the Apostles less resembled a rock, and the term would never be applied to Peter by his Master, who continually reproved his unsteadfastness." This coincides with Mr. Fullom's remark about Rome being the birthplace of freedom to convince us that, like Mr. Spurgeon, he thinks all the worse of a man for knowing Greek. There is no reason why ignorance of Greek should have prevented him from writing a good book upon Rome or the Papacy, but, under these delicate circumstances, not even the example of a celebrated London divine should have tempted him into the discussion of matters turning entirely on the meaning of Greek words.

* *Rome under Pius IX.* By S. W. Fullom, Royal Hanoverian Medalist for Art, &c. London: Charles J. Skeet. 1864.

He only quotes Latin on one occasion, and then not with such success as to justify a second attempt. Tasso is made to "murmur a line from Seneca," which, as reproduced by Mr. Fullom, runs thus:—"Magnifica verba mors prope admotu excutit." Even in ordinary English it is not always easy to see what Mr. Fullom means. When he saw a cardinal for the first time, he tells us he looked at him with interest, but "a few days in Rome takes away the strangeness, and cardinals become caviare." In another place he says the Italian flunkey is "civil as an orange," and we humbly recognise the inscrutability of proverbial expressions. But when cardinals are said to be caviare, surely the author has ingeniously stated the exact reverse of what he meant. Caviare is a proverbial emblem of all rare delicacies; and, therefore, to express the cheapness in which he began to hold cardinals by likening them to caviare is about as silly as to say of partridges that, on the 1st of September, you "looked at them with interest," but "a few days takes away the strangeness," and partridges become pearls. Mr. Fullom's knowledge of English history would seem to be as imperfect as his knowledge of the nature of caviare. He performs a sort of pardonable war-dance over the tomb of the prince whom he unpardonably calls "the last of the Stuarts," meaning Charles Edward. He talks afterwards about the Cardinal York, but apparently has no suspicion that this was the surviving brother of "the last of the Stuarts." But Mr. Fullom has a very curious theory of history which may, perhaps, explain any trifling eccentricities in his statements of fact. After becoming tremendously excited at seeing "the low wall that divides the camps of the two brothers, and Remus take the leap which gave the chiefdom to his brother," and imagining the Rape of the Sabine women, and various other incidents of the same sort, he suddenly seems to have remembered hearing something about Niebuhr. But the chill upon his teeming associations only lasts for a moment. It is true that "the early Roman chronicles are pronounced fables, but the voice of our nature speaks in the record and attests its truth; we read in it of heroism and devotedness, but not of more than is credible, and they are linked with weakness, the taint of humanity." In other words, the truth of history is to be tested simply by our feelings. A story like that of Tarpeia or Manlius "is its own voucher," because in some way or other we feel the probability of it. Manlius did really save the Capitol, because Mr. Fullom, standing on the spot, feels the scene. So on the same principle, we suppose, we ought to believe that Charles Edward was the last of his line, because Mr. Fullom, standing at his tomb, felt and thought that he was.

The spirit in which the author went about Rome is evidently that of a man full of the vulgar notions about Romanism, and resolutely determined to find support for them. He at once knows a young Jesuit on the Pincian hill by "his eye and look, before we note his shovel hat." "Craft and knavery are spread over his cheek like its bloom, and make the bloom a blight—a blight that seems to shrivel his frame." His very manner is treacherous, "for he is lurking rather than standing, and looks down." Then—still with a bland disregard of the rule about the verb being in the plural when its nominative is plural—"a few yards further brings to light one of his brethren peering at him through the trees, and pretending abstraction, so thorough is their system of trickery and deception." The priests at Rome may be an unworthy crew, but anybody can see that Mr. Fullom's talk about craft and knavery and shrivelled frames is simply the result of an over-excited Protestant imagination. Any weak-minded English traveller comes home with just the same story. A Roman clenched his fist when Mr. Fullom asked his opinion of the confessional, and the questioner understood the gesture, "for the Roman was a husband and a father." Then, on another occasion, he saw a lady enter a church by the Farnesi Gardens:—

It was unfrequented at that hour, and I followed her in, thinking she was one of my friends whom I knew to be exploring. I found she had been met by a priest half-way up the church, and they were walking on together, but heard me enter, and turned with a startled look. The lady had come to confession, and I perceived she was not the person I thought, and withdrew, leaving her and the priest alone.

We do not for a moment doubt that Mr. Fullom is honestly describing his own notions, but there is a dramatic tone about the incident which very probably produces a wholly untrue impression of what really took place. The "startled look" has rather the appearance of being an artistic touch. And how does Mr. Fullom know that the lady had come to confession? She might be the priest's sister, or his aunt, or his mother; at all events, it would only have been consistent with the charity which hopeth all things to give them the benefit of the doubt. This scene recalled to the author another incident of the confessional which he saw at St. Peter's:—

The penitent there was standing up with her lips at the auricle, and pouring her soul into the priest's ear. She spoke low, but with passionate vehemence, and her voice was broken by sobs which could be heard around. The fall of her bonnet looped, and I caught a glimpse of her face, which was wet with tears, while the burning cheek told a story of shame. This was in the glare of St. Peter's, and how might it be with the lady in the sequestered church, stripped in the same way and protected by no observer?

"After such manifestations," Mr. Fullom decisively concludes, "I believed the shocking stories afloat." That is to say, he visits a Roman Catholic country, sees a woman sobbing in the confessional, and another woman, whom he knows nothing about, in a church talking to a priest, and thinks these two facts sufficient reason for believing all the dreadful stories which make the capital of polemical divines, fanatical newspapers, and itinerant

lecturers. What did he expect to find, in the very centre of the Roman Catholic religion, except the Roman Catholic discipline? The followers of that religion hold the necessity of confession to a priest as a fundamental doctrine of their belief, and yet Mr. Fullom seems quite horrified because he saw one woman at confession and thought he saw another. One need have no sort of admiration for the particular institution to see how laughable the author's argument is. Suppose an Italian traveller in England were to write in the same style, anybody would detect the absurdity. The traveller might describe with pious or prurient horror how, on being ushered into a drawing-room, he found the curate and the daughter of the house sitting together, and that, on the door being opened, they "turned with a startled look." To him this freedom would be an incomprehensible abomination, and, if he were like Mr. Fullom, he would rush home and declare in his book that all the shocking stories of the Haymarket and the Divorce Court fail to give any idea of the gross immorality which pervades English life. Yet we know that, after all, the curate and his beloved were only engaged in the mildest love-making. Then, again, one cannot imagine anything more childish than to wind up a very fairly written account of a great illumination of St. Peter's and the Vatican by the complacent exclamation, "Yet all was darkness!" These pious ejaculations are simply impertinent when the business in hand is description, not piety. Neither can we admire the taste of the stupid generalization that, among foreigners, "politeness is seen to be gained at the cost of sincerity, and a want of good feeling is apparent through the show of kindness." Has Mr. Fullom passed so many years abroad as will justify him in this calm assumption? From the whole tone of his work we should suspect that he has had peculiarly slender means of forming any judgment in the matter, and that here, as throughout his book, he has simply made it his business to echo the ignorant national prejudices of which all sensible Englishmen are thoroughly ashamed. It is quite possible distinctly to prefer an Englishman to a Frenchman, and Protestantism to Popery, without calling all foreigners hypocrites, and denouncing all Roman Catholics as poor benighted idolaters.

OUR INHERITANCE IN THE GREAT PYRAMID.*

WHEN one is fairly beaten, it is no disgrace to acknowledge it, and we are fairly beaten by Professor C. Piazzi Smyth. "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid." What is the inheritance, and who are "we" who have a right to claim it? Few people probably have indulged in a day-dream so magnificent as to suppose themselves heirs of the Great Pyramid. As a title, it does not sound amiss; we could fancy "the Heir of the Great Pyramid" standing in some relation, hostile or friendly, to the Brother of the Sun and Moon, to the Master of the White Elephant, or to the Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas. But who are "we" who have a right to so magnificent an heritage? No other, it would seem, according to Professor Smyth, than the whole British people. "Our," says the Professor in his Preface, is "used in a national sense; we have 'our' inheritance in the Great Pyramid, just as we have 'our' Empire in India. What that inheritance is, perhaps few people will be ready to guess. It is, then—so the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland assures us—no other than the British inch. The British inch, it seems, is our most precious possession; religion, morals, national honour, all depend upon it. As long as we stick to our inch, we are a peculiar people, a chosen race; but if we once listen to the voice of the French decimal charmer, we are, as a nation, utterly undone, and, as the Professor dimly hints, something very dreadful will happen to the world in general. Prophets have prophesied about it in divers ages, and some godly men, in a prehistoric age, built the Great Pyramid, under a special divine inspiration, in order to prevent us from falling into any such fatal error. The Great Pyramid was raised by the forced labour of many thousands of Egyptians, who bitterly cursed the dominant saints who compelled them to raise it. For the darkened minds of the idolatrous Egyptians did not understand the great object for which the Great Pyramid was raised; they had no conception whatever of the British inch and its sanctity. Now all this sounds very like nonsense. Had it come from anybody but an Astronomer-Royal, we should unshrinkingly have set it down as nonsense. But it is hard to believe that an Astronomer-Royal does not mean something by what he writes. And, as far as we can make out, what we have just now said is what the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland does mean. To be sure, we feel our heads a little puzzled at the wonderful mixture of abstruse mathematics and vehement rhetoric of which his volume is made up, and it is quite possible that we have somewhat misunderstood his meaning. But we must say that, if it is not something very like what we have now said, the Astronomer-Royal's way of expressing himself is at least partly to blame. We are sure that he makes out the Great Pyramid and the British inch to have something to do with one another, and we are sure that he looks upon both of them as holy things, somehow mixed up with the fulfilment of prophecy and with the faith and practice of a Christian. Surely all this is enough to puzzle plain people. We used always to think that mathematics and rhetoric had no sort of brotherhood with one

* *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid.* By Professor C. Piazzi Smyth, F.R.S.S.L. and E., Astronomer-Royal for Scotland. London: Strahan & Co. 1864.

another. We remember an excitable youth proving a proposition in Euclid after this sort:—"If AB be greater than CD, and CD greater than EF, how much more must AB be greater than EF!" But he was at once sternly rebuked for his rhetorical flight; mathematics, his tutor told him, admitted of no notes of admiration. But if mathematics and rhetoric do not agree, much less—we fear to say "how much less"—do mathematics and mystical theology agree. What can it all be about? What has the Great Pyramid to do with the British inch? Still more what has either to do with prophecy, inspiration, or anything else coming under the head of what Herodotus might call *θία πρὸς ἡμᾶς*? These things are too much for us. We remembered the old line—

An undevout astronomer is mad,

and we began to doubt whether we had not come across an Astronomer-Royal who was at once very devout and perhaps a little mad into the bargain.

Professor Smyth does not put forth his oracles wholly in his own name. As Aaron was to Moses, as Loxias was to Zeus, so the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland is to "John Taylor, Esq. of London." Mr. Taylor, it seems, in 1859, published a book called "The Great Pyramid; why was it built, and who built it?" He died, aged 84, in July, 1864, and he is already canonized by Professor Smyth. We know nothing of Mr. Taylor or his book but what Professor Smyth tells us, which is enough to show that he was an amiable enthusiast, and that he was not a scholar. He was not a classical scholar, or he would not have said that the word Pyramid, "instead of being derived from *πῦρ*, fire, is derived from *πυρρός*, wheat, and *μετρον*, measure, signifying a 'measurer of wheat.'" Now we need not dispute about the origin of the word *πυραμῖς*. Many derivations have been given of it both in ancient and modern times, but Mr. Taylor's is beyond all doubt the most absurd of them all. The word is very possibly connected with *πυρρός*, in a very different way from what Mr. Taylor supposed, but no one who has the least notion of etymological science could say that the termination *μετρον* had anything to do with *μετρον*. Mr. Taylor's mediæval knowledge was still weaker. We have all heard of Troy weight, called, like the Euboic and Eginetan weights, from the place of its origin, the well-known city of Troyes in Champagne. Not so Mr. Taylor and Professor Smyth:—

The name Troy, Mr. Taylor (p. 139 of the *Great Pyramid*) deduces with much probability from the old Saxon word for "trough," as "trough-weight," or weight derived originally from some kind of trough; viz., he says, that world-distinguished stone trough, as it has so often been called by travellers involuntarily, of the *Great Pyramid*; or, the porphyry coffer of the King's Chamber.

That Mr. Taylor was an amiable enthusiast is plain from the following:—

"The *Census*," he wrote recently in a private letter, "is the grand object; and if in any manner we are able, while on earth, to vindicate the ways of God to man—we have not lived in vain." But again rather checking himself, he added: "Many must approve, before the thought will enter into the popular mind; and if that result ever takes place, I am only one among many who are entitled to any commendation; nay, there is no room for commendation to any one, for all do but impart what has been given:—'Paul plants, Apollos waters, but it is God who gives the increase.'" I suppose this is the meaning of the elders casting their crowns before the throne in Revelation iv.

Now it is quite pardonable for an old man of eighty-four, with a mind probably undisciplined by real thought and learning, to write this sort of thing in a private letter; but it is really cruel in a friend to disinter such pious babbling, and what can we think of an Astronomer-Royal who apparently thinks it all very fine and scientific? After all, what need we ask more about Mr. Taylor when Professor Smyth tells us that he once wrote a book called "Wealth, the Number of the Beast"?

Now, if Mr. Taylor or Professor Smyth choose to tell us that the Great Pyramid was built either to illustrate certain principles of mensuration or to contain a standard of length, weight, capacity, or anything else, we are by no means prepared to say that it was not. The theory is in no way more absurd than other theories. These writers do produce some facts as to dimensions, which, if coincidences, are very curious coincidences; and, as for the likelihood of the object, it is really not a bit more foolish to build a pyramid to contain a standard gallon or bushel than to build a pyramid to contain a dead King. If this were all, we should take the theory of Messrs. Taylor and Smyth simply as one theory among others, neither better nor worse than a great many other theories. Again, that an ancient Egyptian measure of length should coincide with the British inch is perfectly possible; we should only ask, first for evidence of the fact, and then for evidence that the fact was more than a casual coincidence. Again, if Professor Smyth were satisfied with telling us that great practical inconveniences would arise, especially among the poor, from exchanging our accustomed weights and measures for the French system, we should altogether agree with him. Where we part company with him is where he gets excited and theological, and finds all sorts of mysteries alike in the Pyramid and in the inch. *Ceteris paribus*, we prefer an English thing to a French thing; before a foreign name or measure or anything else is introduced, we must be sure not only that it is better than our own, but so much better than our own as to counterbalance the confusion and inconvenience which cannot fail to accompany its introduction. Thus far we can go with the Astronomer-Royal, but we cannot go on with him to see either treason to our country or dealing with the Devil in the wish to introduce decimal weights and measures:—

Some wise and far-seeing writers, who have speculated philosophically on the future history of Europe, have already during many years seen, personified in France, the whirlpool which is to draw all other neighbouring countries into itself; and amalgamate them as completely into one French lump, as are the ancient governments of Burgundy and Aquitaine at this moment. Some special circumstances of a spiritual and religious character, they think, and hope, may enable Great Britain to stand out longer than other states; but they are not sure she will be able to maintain herself to the end; and if she does so fail, this maddening outcry against *British hereditary measures*, and about, not their improvement, but their entire abolition, and replacement by French weights and measures—is precisely one of the most hearty aids which Satan, and traitors to their country, ever had presented to their hands.

Or again what is the meaning of this?—

The unit of this measure is the inch; and the inch is roughly a thumb-breadth, to any man who has ever lived on the earth for the last four thousand years. During four thousand years, what empires, and races of men, and languages too, have passed away from the face of the world! therefore what thought of man, or rather what artificial edict, though it may have been promulgated from the city of Paris itself, or by a leading man of "London society," is secure of living sensibly unchanged for a similar enormous space of time? Yet during that entire period the mean stature of man is declared, by the tombs of Egypt, to have remained sensibly unaltered.

Now what on earth has "London society" or Edinburgh society, or Little Peddlington society to do with the matter? What can be gained by this frantic style of writing, which goes through the whole book, except when the Astronomer-Royal is actually engaged in his calculations, as the Arabic figures at any rate do not admit of notes of admiration? Professor Smyth damages himself by this sort of thing. It is utterly impossible to weigh with any real attention a theory which is mixed up with this kind of nonsense. Why not argue quietly for what purposes the Great Pyramid was built? The question is a curious piece of early archaeology, to which everybody would be well pleased to know the right answer. The folly is in mixing it up with Professor Smyth's outrageous mysticism. As we understand him, certain nameless patriarchs, between Noah and Moses, but nearer to Noah, were divinely inspired to build the Great Pyramid as a means of communicating to all nations certain divinely revealed standards of length, weight, and capacity. To this end they seem to have conquered Egypt, and compelled the Egyptians, reluctant, because already idolatrous, to build the Great Pyramid for them. This accounts for the hatred which the Egyptians of the time of Herodotus expressed towards the builders of this pyramid. These saintly conquerors, Cheops and Cephrenes, otherwise Shofa and Nou-shofa, belonged to the first dynasty of Hyksos or Shepherd Kings, true believers, of whom Melchizedek was one. For when they left Egypt, they went into Syria and founded Jerusalem and Damascus, but, afterwards sinning, they were overthrown by the Jebusites. That they were orthodox theologians and fully understood all Christian mysteries, the Astronomer-Royal certifies in the following passage, though to be sure the demonstration of the fact is not quite so clear as we should have expected from an Astronomer-Royal:—

The mere names of Shofa and Nou-Shofa are undoubtedly Egyptian words which we need not look for in the Bible; but as "Hyksos" was somewhat assisted to our scriptural understanding by Manetho's interpretation of "the Shepherd Kings"—so may be "Shofa" by Herodotus' tradition of the name of the first and principal builder-king, being concealed in the statement that the site of the Great Pyramid was, where "the Shepherd Philition, or Philitis, fed his flock;" for the word "Philition" draws in its train the subsequent sacrifice-feasts of the Jews, the *ἀγάπαι* or love-feasts of the Christians; and the remembrance of the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world; a sacrifice of a sin-offering for man; and the beginning of repentance, submission, and all true religion; though indeed always a cause of offence, a stone of stumbling, and even an abomination to the unfortunately conceited and egotistical Egyptians.

A man might be tempted to say that there is not one word about this in the Bible; if so, he would, according to Professor Smyth, say what was quite wrong. There is a great deal about it in the Bible, only it is so darkly expressed that a plain man would have hard work to find it there:—

Although systems of weight and measure must be considered, abstractly, rather matters of mundane morality than religion; yet as they were to be in a following age legislated on Divinely to the selected and peculiar people, there must have been a deep interest among all religious spirits in the early establishment of the building which was to form the practical preliminary to such a legislation. Indeed it may be confidently affirmed, that in retrospect, as well as prospect, of that eventful beginning of the grandest of schemes, a remarkable degree of regard towards the Pyramid has been expressed by inspired writers of both the Old and New Testaments, and felt also by holy men described therein; besides an astonishingly intimate acquaintance being manifested with the characteristic features of pyramidal structure; while the honourable occasions on which it is referred to, under prophetic images or poetical figures, may impart to us also salutary and improving advice as to the thoughts we should connect with its existence and purposes.

Those descriptions and references are usually invested with much of the mystery of a "parable," but in many cases yield to slight exertion.

We had always believed that, in the xxxviiith Chapter of Job, when the morning stars rejoiced, it was at the creation of the world; but no, it was at the building of the Great Pyramid. If there is even the least allusion to the earth, it is at any rate in language borrowed from the Great Pyramid, and the Great Pyramid only, that the work of creation is described. But the corner-stone, the headstone of the Pyramid, is the great point:—

Four, of the five corner-stones of the Pyramid, are thus disposed of; and the fifth, which is in fact of an entirely diverse nature, being, not one of the foundations, but the topmost portion of the whole building, is alluded to in Job separately; and also, as something perfectly distinct from the others, as well as being the finishing and crowning part of the whole operation. When

that corner-stone, emphatically called "the corner-stone," is finally placed, it is said that the act was greeted by "the morning stars singing together, and all the sons of God shouting for joy."

The Biblical interpretation of the personages here alluded to is, of course, "the faithful and the true converts;" "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." And all such who were present at the time, rejoiced in seeing the completion of the Great Pyramid; and their cry was, "When the head-stone of the great mountain was brought out with shoutings, 'Grace, grace unto it.'"

And so all allusions to stones, corner-stones, foundations, and the like, throughout the Old and New Testament are pressed into the service of the Great Pyramid.

There are other queer things in the book. Either Professor Smyth quotes oddly or his favourite authors write very queerly. Thus he quotes a certain Hekekyan Beg, C.E. of Constantinople, as talking of "the King's stone deposited by the Arions in the sanctuary of the first Pyramid, as a record of their standard metric system." Who on earth are "the Arions"? Did Arion get there on his dolphin, or was it our own ancestors the primitive Aryans who did all these wonderful things? Further on we have "a shrewd Norseman," Vinje by name, who is quoted for the hard saying—"omnia ANGLIÆ venalia esse." It is Professor Smyth who puts ANGLIÆ in capitals. Is it to call attention to the irregularity of the construction?

We are always taught to believe that one main use of mathematical study is to teach people to think, to accustom them to close and accurate reasoning on all subjects. But some subjects are beyond the reach of reasoning. Mystics cannot be argued with; Egyptologists, godly and ungodly, must be left to the artillery of Sir George Lewis. We have not a doubt that Professor Smyth is a thoroughly good Astronomer-Royal; we dare say that he knows all about the new comet, whence it came and whither it is going; we dare say he laughed as heartily at Mr. Jelinger Symons' theory of the moon as we have laughed at his own theory of the Great Pyramid. But he cannot escape the common lot. When Sir Isaac Newton himself took to prophesying, he only showed that there were subjects on which even he was no wiser than other men.

SON AND HEIR.*

IT is a real satisfaction now-a-days to meet with a novel in which incident is used as a vehicle of emotion, not as an expedient to conceal or excuse a total absence of character. The authoress of *Son and Heir*—for we may safely venture on this assumption as to the sex of the writer—has had the wisdom to keep exciting materials very carefully subdued. She provides us, indeed, with a secret, a bigamy, and an heir of slightly murderous dispositions; but the heir keeps his desires under control, the bigamy is got well over a quarter of a century before the story opens, and, except to the reader, the secret remains a secret to the end. Sir Hugh Chalcote, the father of the hero, while a very young man, secretly marries a Scotch peasant girl. After the common fashion of people so united, the husband and wife speedily quarrel and separate. Sir Hugh comes to London, falls violently in love with the beauty of the season, recklessly pays extravagant court to her, and is only brought to his senses by her father asking him intentions. Partly from the violence of his passion, partly from terror of his father, and partly from shame at the idea of confession, he allows himself to marry Miss Carew; and as his real wife, willing to make a market of her silence, returns his letters, and dies without children three years afterwards, he is able to congratulate himself that all the proofs of his first marriage are safe in his own possession. There, unfortunately, they remain. He can never make up his mind to destroy them, and at length, when he is dying, he tells his son of their existence, though not of their purport, and extracts from him an oath to burn them as soon as he has read them, and never to reveal a word of their contents. For some time the papers are not to be found, but just ten days before his marriage Sir Everard discovers them, and thereupon finds himself in a very well contrived dilemma. The estate is entailed, and consequently that, as well as the baronetcy, really belongs to the next heir, his cousin Frank Chalcote, whose sister Sidney he is going to marry. Sir Everard has no right to keep the property himself, he cannot acknowledge his illegitimacy without breaking his oath of secrecy, and as he has only a life interest in the estate he cannot make it over to Frank without assigning any reason. If he is to keep his oath, he must defraud his cousin; if he is to do justice to his cousin, he must disregard his oath. Consideration for his own happiness would lead him to choose the latter alternative. In that case, it is true, he would have to begin life with nothing, and to postpone his marriage perhaps for years, but he would preserve his reputation with the world, and of Sidney's constancy he entertains no doubt. If, on the other hand, he keeps his oath, the consequences to himself will be even more grievous. He will be bound to do Frank Chalcote no more harm than is unavoidable, and therefore he must touch nothing of the income that will nominally remain his for his life; he must give up all thoughts of marriage, lest he should raise up, in the persons of his children, an insurmountable barrier to his cousin's ultimate succession; and he must make all these sacrifices without assigning any reason, and with the certainty of being accounted either a madman or a criminal. His reverence for his oath, however, prevails, and he determines to break off his engagement with Sidney—simply telling her that he cannot marry her except by perjurying himself—and to go abroad and work for his bread, leaving the rents

of his estates to accumulate for the benefit of the heir. In what manner and with what consequences he carries out his resolution we will leave the reader to find out from the novel itself.

Much of this struggle of feeling is described with considerable power, but it is curious that it should never have struck the writer that there could be no doubt as to her hero's real duty under the circumstances. If ladies will found their plots on cases of conscience, they should at least get up a little casuistry. There are two reasons why such an oath as is here described would have no binding force. In the first place, it could only be kept by the sacrifice of another person's rights; for an intention that Frank Chalcote should have what legally belonged to him thirty or forty years later could not alter the fact that he would be kept out of it all that time, so that, in relation to him, the oath was in effect an oath to commit a fraud. In the next place, it involved the violation of Sir Everard's engagement to Sidney, and though an oath may create a new obligation, it cannot do away with one already in being; consequently it can never be binding when it makes the fulfilment of a previous promise impossible. There is no doubt, however, that the author is quite right in describing this last consideration as having the very contrary effect on Sir Everard's mind to that which, if properly regarded, it ought to have had:—

Perhaps it was the very knowledge of what the consequences would be to himself that had something to do with making him believe that it must be right to keep the oath. For a man like Everard, intensely conscientious and a little wrong-headed, might, in his horror of letting self-interest bias his judgment, be led to the conclusion, when in doubt which of two courses it was his duty to take, that the one which involved the greater danger of suffering to himself would be the right one.

We question whether, of all the many well-intended rules of conduct which have done mischief in their generation, there is one which can show a longer list of evil consequences than this. "Always choose that duty which is most disagreeable to yourself" would be an admirable maxim for a fallen angel with a taste for self-improvement, and a conviction, based on experience, that his own instincts could be trusted never to take him in that direction; but when applied to the mixed characters of ordinary human beings, it is at least as likely to guide them wrong as right. And, where the happiness of other people is concerned, it simply amounts to saying that the interests of those whom you love best ought to be postponed to those of everybody else. The duties you owe to them are naturally the pleasantest to yourself, and consequently, on this principle, they are always to be disregarded. If Sir Everard had not been engaged, he might have seen that he had no business to keep his oath and defraud Frank. His duty towards Sidney, if it had been given its natural weight, would have supplied an additional motive to act justly; whereas, under the influence of this mischievous theory, he is led to wrong her as well as Frank, for the sole reason that he makes himself miserable in addition.

Sidney Chalcote, take her altogether, is a very agreeable young lady, but the writer is not always true to the conception of her heroine's character with which she sets out. This Sidney, with "plenty of eager passionate expression in her large eyes, and plenty of pride and strong will about her mouth and chin," with her "love for liberty and solitary country walks, her hatred of control, and contempt for all domestic employments," would hardly be so upset by the somewhat tame compliment—"The dwyest subject—aw—would sound—aw—chawming fwom youaw lips—aw," as to answer "This conversation is disagreeable to me," and walk away "with flashing eyes." Nor would she be likely to ask, in reference to her lover, "Doesn't he look stunning in pink?" Still less, it seems to us, would she be subdued by a courtship consisting chiefly of Sir Everard's reiterated statements of his intention to marry her. A woman's will, however resolute, will sometimes yield to a man's, but then the conquest is not effected by a mere display of force. To speak "in an authoritative tone that made her blood boil," to answer her, when she tells him she will never marry him, "with a quiet smile" and "Yes you will," to "fold his arms and look at her like a hunter watching prey that must be his before very long," would simply have irritated her into a more obstinate resistance. A character of Sidney's type is impressed, not by seeing that her lover is determined to bend her will, but by discovering that she has no power to bend his. In this one case, she feels her pride insulted; in the other, she recognizes an equal, and is willing to consent to a compromise. The citadel falls, not by assault, but by capitulation.

The love-making of Sidney's brother belongs to a simpler order of things. At his uncle's house he meets a West Indian girl, very fat, very silly, and with 30,000*l.*, who has been brought there by her mother for the express purpose of securing Sir Everard. Miss Tracy, however, prefers a briefless cousin, who makes himself agreeable, to an eldest son who does not, and Frank has no difficulty in persuading her to elope with him. During the process of escape, Julia's powers of mind are displayed to great advantage. They meet her brother in the garden, and would get by undetected if she did not burst out with "Oh, Charles, dear, dear Charles, don't tell mamma, and I'll never, never do it again, never as long as I live"; and she attempts to conciliate a mother with a keen eye to the main chance by such a letter as this, left in orthodox fashion on her toilet-table:—

I ask you, my beloved mother, would you consign two young loving, tender, faithful, and devoted hearts to an early tomb? would you break them in the sunny smiling years of their leafy June? would you see them blighted, withered, like gushing rivulets nipped in the bud? Tell me, dearest mother, would you see me, your only, your loving daughter, pine away like a stricken deer, or like the fair flowers of early spring?

* *Son and Heir*. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1864.

It is only fair, however, to say that, after reading over this and a good deal more in the same strain, "with many a tender sigh and complacent smile," she again takes the pen and dashes off a practical postscript:—

You must remember that Frank is the next heir, so I may be Lady Chalcote after all—who knows? I will send you my address directly we are married, so that you may know where to write to me and send me your forgiveness and all my things.

Frank Chalcote is not exactly an estimable person, for on one occasion, when his cousin has gone down a mine to save some drowning men, he nourishes a very fervent desire that he may never come up again. But he is amusing, and the writer has been wise enough not to lay on the dark tints too thickly. His evil passions die away again when Sir Everard reappears above ground, and, though he despises the wife he has run away with, he does not ill-treat or even dislike her. In fact, the authoress has evidently taken some pains to work out her conception of a thoroughly worldly man. He ignores everything beyond the limits of his own special clique. He passes for a very pious young man because he never says a word against the truth of Noah's ark—a really earnest thinker, we suppose, being never able to resist having a fling at that venerable relic. He sneers impartially at Quixotic clergymen who sacrifice their benefices to their convictions, and at conceited laymen who hope to become famous by ridiculing their elders' orthodoxy. He believes everything it suits his purpose to believe, and identifies doubt with dyspepsia; he is too intellectual and ethereal to know the common wants of common men, and no one has ever beheld him hungry, thirsty, or out of temper. Of course, all this is very unreal, but still it is amusing unreality; and throughout the book some of the occasional turns of expression are decidedly happy. The descriptions of the young man "who had a good opinion of himself and enjoyed the monopoly of it"; of the young lady "with great black eyes which would have looked well set in a brooch"; of the curate who has been accustomed to be kept in slippers and sermon-cases, and who asks, in making arrangements with a new rector, whether "followers are allowed, as, if not, he must ask for an increase of salary"; of the satirist who deals with a corrupt society, "as Isaac Walton with his frog—puts it on the hook as though he loved it"; and the somewhat sweeping definition of French novels as "concentrated essence of the world, the flesh, and the devil, in yellow paper covers," are instances of this. On the other hand, there are plenty of faults and inequalities. Sir Everard is often terribly pompous, and when he tries to unbend he usually becomes ridiculous. Sidney is sometimes rude where she is meant only to be self-willed, and vulgar where she is intended to be piquant. Frank Chalcote would hardly begin a conversation with—"We have a mutual friend, I think, in the Marquis of Brent-tor"; and, disagreeable as Mrs. Tracy is, she would scarcely tell Sidney to her face, "My dear Julia doesn't do so, nor do any of her dear young friends. You see, in London, it would not be thought quite the thing—quite ladylike, you know." It is an advantage of not being able to polish a sarcasm that you are generally obliged to keep it to yourself. If the writer of *Son and Heir* will pay rather more attention to the consistency of her characters in little things, and check an occasional disposition to redundancy and commonplace, her next effort may be a great advance on the present. Even as it is, however, she may fairly congratulate herself on having achieved a legitimate success by strictly legitimate means.

PATERSON'S GLIMPSES OF REAL LIFE.*

THERE is more of Bohemia than of the Theatrical World in Mr. Peter Paterson's Confessions, and that world is, in our opinion, very little beholden to him for them. That scenic life has its rough, slatternly, and disreputable side we do not need to be told. But has not every profession its Bohemians? "A priest in drink," a market-doctor and his nostrums, attorneys whose names have been struck off the rolls, are not prodigies in any land, but they are not generally accepted as average representatives of divinity, physic, or law. Peeps behind the curtain, when unaccompanied by qualifying elements, have always appeared to us slender and unseemly materials for sport or description. No one thinks the worse of the stage for Mr. Dickens's pleasant portrait of the Crummles family. The *Roman Comique* of Scarron does not touch the character or memory of Molière. These are legitimate sketches of life and manners. But to exhibit only the wrong side of the proscenium, as Mr. Paterson does, is catering for idle and unhealthy curiosity. How do lamps and wires look before an illumination, or after it? Describe an artist's studio or a lawyer's chambers as Mr. Paterson describes the stage behind the curtain, and we may, if we will, get some "excellent fooling" from the paint-pots, palettes, and varnish-bottles of the one, or from the dusty papers and tin boxes of the other. Mr. Paterson admits that the stage and its properties should be seen by gas-light only; then why does he drag them into the light of day? He forgets the maxim of the satirist, that the sharpest thorn of poverty is "quod ridiculos homines facit"; he ignores the yet more humane plea that the best of stage representations are but "shows"; he describes the instruments and

accessories as if they were the ends and objects of art; he forgets that to his valet no man is a hero, and that the chaos out of which worlds are formed is itself neither orderly nor lovely. He murders to dissect; he anatomizes Regan; he would comment on Hamlet's speech, "What a piece of work is man!" by taking us into the operating room of Guy's or Bartholomew's. A sketch of his personal adventures will show him to be an incompetent witness even in his own court. He tells his readers that Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Webster and other excellent actors have fared as hardly as he did himself; but he forgets, or seems to forget, that they conquered, while he succumbed to, early adversity.

Mr. Peter Paterson describes himself as a stage-struck youngster—one of the many youths who are

Foredoomed their father's souls to cross
By spouting Shakspeare when they should engross.

He held an excellent situation, which, he candidly says, his unfortunate propensity for "spouting" led him to give up. His friends seem to have been as foolish as himself, and—some extenuation of his folly therein—pampered, in place of discouraging, his craze. He neglects his office, shakes off the trammels of day-book and ledger, collects all sorts of frippery, reads all kinds of silly books, and rushes upon the stage. So far, there is nothing extraordinary or very discreditable in his career. Garrick began life as a wine-merchant; John Kemble was educated for a priest. Not one actor in a hundred is brought up, like Edmund Kean, not merely for, but on the stage. Many having a vocation for the theatrical profession, and more having no vocation at all, have done very much as Mr. Peter Paterson did; but none, either of the gifted or the ungifted, so far as we can remember, have so deliberately held up the profession to contempt, or warned, with less pretensions to advise, would-be dramatic heroes "not to go on the stage." The advice may be sound, but it comes oddly from such a "Cathedra Petri."

He makes his first appearance in the part of Hamlet, and breaks down under "stage-fright" before he utters a word. He is counselled—and on all occasions the players were better counsellors than his friends, to play Bernardo before he again aspires to Hamlet. He is told that his genius lies in low comedy. And so far, again, his is a very common case. Liston long wasted his powers on heavy Barons; Elliston to his dying day imagined tragedy to be his line; and we have reason to believe that Mr. Keeley was for some time a tyrant or an impassioned lover at the Surrey Theatre, in days when Davidge managed, and Fitzball composed terrific melodramas for, that house. But Peter Paterson succeeded as ill in low comedy as in high tragedy. Even as "general utility" man he appears to have been nearly useless; and at last, after a series of disappointments and miseries, he finds his level as clown to a travelling circus. "Reader," he says, "your humble servant brought up the rear of the [equestrian] procession, dressed as a clown, riding upon a gaily caparisoned donkey." Now, though we have Hamlet's authority for saying "Then came each actor upon his ass," we cannot consider a clown so mounted well entitled to reveal the secrets of the theatre. Being a Scotchman, Peter should have recollected the Scotch proverb, "It is an ill-bird that fyles his own nest." And as Peter is by no means a blockhead, we think it the less gracious in him to hold up to contempt a very respectable profession, into which, without any vocation for it, he indiscreetly blundered. The public is sufficiently inclined to be unjust in its opinion of actors without the aid of officious tale-bearers.

Peter Paterson, in his better moods, exhibits some hearty appreciation of actors. He sometimes, indeed, groups his "stars" oddly together. For example, he puts into one constellation "C. D. Pitt, Macready, the African Roscius, and Miss Helen Faucit!" Yet his account of Mr. William Murray and Mr. Mackay is true and spirited; though, with a lively recollection of the former excellent actor, and of his respect for both his profession and his audience, we think Peter's memory must have played him a trick when it prompted him to assert that he had "seen on the Edinburgh stage a whole scene 'gagged' by Murray, Mackay, and Lloyd." Mr. Paterson is much more at home, and much better worth the marking, as soon as he really descends from the stage proper into *Bohemia*. Under canvas he is excellent company. He goes through various miseries with a brave rollicking spirit; he has a keen eye and an answerable pen, and, in consideration of his merits as a vagabond, we incline to condone his failings and foibles as a regular actor. In circus and show statistics he is a useful and amusing guide. Some of the scenes he exhibits are not unworthy of Hogarth's or Cruikshank's pencil. We take the following as a sample of his pen-and-ink drawing:—

The behind the scenes of circus-dom is a quaint enough region. There is always a soupçon of that very peculiar zoological aroma indicative of the king of the forest. A great fire of coke burns brightly in a large iron funnel, placed in the centre of the vacant space (the extempore green-room). The fire is of great use for ventilating purposes, for there is always uppermost a strong perfume of damp sawdust, wet litter, and horse-breath, with a faint indication of bad drainage and other miseries. The scene at the fire is motley enough. The lazy black servant, habited in the gorgeous oriental robe, is attentively chalking the pumps of Mademoiselle Aurelia, the tight-rope dancer and "ascensionist," who is adjusting her pink skirts preparatory to taking her "turn." A medical student is making hot love to Madame Fracatelli, the lady-devil rider, who, as the bill tells us, "has been clothed with fame in all the capitals of Europe and Russia." The funny gentleman with the nodding queue or tail-piece looking waggishly over his whitened scalp, his nose buried in a pint of half-and-half, is one of the seven great clowns on the establishment—"that oracle of pungent satire, Mr. Henry White, surnamed the modern Touchstone." . . . In front all is ablaze with light and gaudy calico, and each acrobat and horseman seems to excel

* *Glimpses of Real Life as seen in the Theatrical World and in Bohemia; being the Confessions of Peter Paterson, a Strolling Comedian.* Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo. 1864.

his neighbour in his leaps and bounds. The three hours of performance fly rapidly away, as artist after artist bounds into the ring. Trick acts, feats on the trapeze, revolving corkcrews, descending Mercuries, in short, all the puzzling acts of contortion incidental to the modern circus, are exhibited with a grace and dexterity, and with a firmness of nerve, which never fails.

The morning rehearsals show how much pain goes to catering for the pleasure of the public. It is only by hard practice that the agility of the acrobats and horsemen can be kept up. "A born acrobat"—we have just been told that some circus children can walk better on their hands than on their feet—"one of a family of tumblers," told Mr. Paterson, "It's all in the practice, sir; you can train up the young 'uns to stand on their heads as easy as you could teach them to set up types." This is the daily morning practice:—

Miss Caroline Crockett (name in the bill, Mlle. Salvadori de Medici) is being put through a new act by her uncle. She is dressed in a short ballet skirt, and has on a pair of light canvas-shoes. She takes the various leaps with wonderful precision, and only once does she miss her "tip." For a long hour, until both horse and lady show signs of great fatigue, she is kept at her lesson; and at night the policy of this rehearsal is apparent, for none of the company are rewarded with louder plaudits than Mlle. de Medici. In another sliding, Professor de Bonderini is practising his three sons for their drawing-room entertainment. One of them is only four years of age. Already he can tumble like a ten-year-old; he made his *début* two years ago as Tom Thumb, and has performed all sorts of business—from Cora's child to being baked in a pie for the clown's dinner.

In the chapter entitled "The Mysteries of the Ballet" we have an anecdote of a young girl whose father was her instructor, and who used to lock her and herself in the room where she received her lessons, so that he might not be overcome by the importunity of his wife imploring him to spare their daughter. After a two hours' lesson, she would fall exhausted on the carpet, and lie there till she was undressed, sponged, and resuscitated, being all the time in a state of insensibility. Her father had determined, cost what it might, that his daughter should be the first in her profession. Such she became; for was she not Taglioni?

We have to thank Peter Paterson for enlightening us as to the kind of spectacles that suit different places. It requires, as we can readily imagine, much natural tact, as well as a great deal of acquired knowledge, to travel profitably with a show. Some towns are good for one description of show, and bad for another. Thus panoramas take best in cathedral or educational towns (we are reminded of Miss Monfathers and Mrs. Jarley's wax-work) such as Lichfield, York, or Edinburgh, the latter city being particularly good for a "Holy Land" every two years. The genteel conjurors at high prices are also very favourably received in such cities. On the other hand, acrobatic exhibitions and menageries take best with the "rude" and less orthodox or less credulous "mechanicals" of Manchester, Preston, Sheffield, &c.; while the rural population—"optat ephippia bos piger"—prefers horsemanship to Jerusalem or sleight-of-hand. The *Aztec* Mr. Paterson pronounces one of the best-worked shows of recent years. The *Feejee Mermaid*, he says, was "one of Mr. Barnum's most successful speculations." After ushering in this phenomenon of the deep through the usual avenues—notice in the newspapers, woodcuts, wall-literature, private inspections (the latter seem to have "taken in the very elect"—namely, "able editors")—he, Barnum, netted dollars by the peck. He thus describes the creation of the mermaid:—She, it appears, "was a combination of the upper half of a monkey with the lower part of a fish; and the monkey and the fish were so ingeniously conjoined that nobody could discover"—we presume neither human nor veterinary surgeons were admitted—"the point at which the junction was formed. . . . Its mouth was open, its tail turned over and its arms thrown up, as if it had died in the greatest agony." We are sorry to learn, for the honour of the sex, that "lady giantesses are always humbugs." They deceive the public by their "long dresses" (crinoline would take off from the appearance of portentous height) "made to trail on the floor of the caravan in order to hide the erection upon which they are mounted—namely, a pair of high sandals, with soles perhaps six or eight inches thick, on which they stalk up and down the exhibition with great dignity." So did the actors on the Athenian stage presenting gigantic Electras and Antigones. But most is our fancy taken with the following device. Deaths, sales, or escapes had emptied a wild-beast show of all its inmates except a solitary she-bear. She was clean shaved, arrayed in female attire, and bound upright in a chair. Thus sitting, and perchance as uncomfortable in her position as "infelix Theseus" himself, Dame Ursula was exhibited as the *Pig-faced Lady*. The thought was a happy one for the manager; it enabled him to recruit his finances and re-stock his caravans. We suspect some of the credulous ancients who wrote *reptil bavariacum* were victims of the Barnums and Bear-herds of their days. The *Feejee Mermaid* and the *Pig-faced Lady* have a marvellous antique savour. Could the elder Pliny by any chance have met with a copy of some Greek or Latin Peter Paterson's Confessions?

We learn with great satisfaction that quadrupeds are trained for the circus at much less expense of suffering to themselves than bipeds. In fact, the horse who, as a colt, is thought fit for the circus has drawn a prize in the lottery of equine life. The dog who is drawn early for public amusement is a lucky dog. Pigs—that is to say the learned members of the *Gens Suilla*—are educated through their sensual appetites, a fact which calls to mind how frequently Greek scholarship has been combined with great capacity for meat and drink. The performing pig affords

one more example of the intimate connexion between brains and stomach:—

This wise animal [says Mr. Paterson] will go round in a circle and point out the letters of the alphabet, or read a sentence, the sole power of piggy's intelligence being rested in a quick sense of smell, as below the A or K that it has to point out is placed some perfumed substance that naturally attracts the nose of the pig.

Whoever is curious to learn how plays are cut down to suit managerial convenience or theatrical necessity should turn to Mr. Paterson's account of a performance of the *Castle Spectre* in a booth. It suggests speculations about the possible handling of Shakespeare himself by managers of the Curtain and Bull theatres two centuries and a half ago. Such sifting, winnowing, and paring down may have lost us here and there a connecting link of his scenes, or some priceless gem of invention or fancy. Of the mode, also, in which actors canvass and criticise one another's performance there is a graphic, though rough, sketch in these Confessions of a stroller.

We desire to part on good terms with Mr. Paterson. He has talents of observation and description, whatever may have been his incapacity for the stage. If he has not resumed the ledger and day-book, we trust that he has work for his pen. His great error is to have used for mirth and laughter a profession which did not invite him, and into which he intruded himself *invita Minerva*.

MAJOR-GENERAL WOLFE.*

(Second Notice.)

THE campaign in which Wolfe met his death is interesting on his own account, and also because of the possibility, however remote, that the scene of it may one day witness a fresh contest for empire in Canada. Mr. Pitt, who planned this campaign, designed that it should comprise simultaneous attacks upon the three principal strongholds of New France—namely, Quebec, Montreal, and Niagara. The expedition against Montreal was commanded by General Amherst, to whom Wolfe, although employed separately against Quebec, was subordinate. The fleet which conveyed and co-operated with Wolfe's army was commanded by Rear-Admiral Saunders, a brave and able officer, with whom Wolfe was able to act with a cordiality by no means common in the records of conjoint military and naval services. The port of rendezvous was Louisbourg, where all preparations were completed, and Wolfe wrote to Mr. Pitt, "Whatever the end is, I flatter myself that His Majesty will not be dissatisfied with the behaviour of the troops." The fleet and convoy entered the St. Lawrence. The difficulties of navigating what was then an imperfectly known river were surmounted with the usual skill of British sailors, and on June 27th, 1759, a landing was effected on the Isle of Orleans, which shelters on the east the basin of Quebec and divides the St. Lawrence into two branches. The western extremity of this island is rather more than a league from the end of Cape Diamond, on which the city stands, and about half that distance from the promontory of Point Levi, on the south bank of the river. The fleet was at first anchored in the south branch of the St. Lawrence, but a violent storm warned Admiral Saunders of the insecurity of this anchorage, and he determined to carry his fleet into the basin of Quebec. With this object, he requested Wolfe to occupy Point Levi with a body of troops, so as to prevent the French from annoying the fleet in its new position. The French having neglected to fortify Point Levi, it was easily occupied by the English. For several days Wolfe was incessantly engaged in superintending the works on Point Levi and on the western point of Orleans, for until these two positions were secured the safety of the fleet in the basin was not complete. When these works were sufficiently advanced to render the positions tenable by detachments, Wolfe, with the greater part of his army, crossed over from the Isle of Orleans and encamped on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, and to the east of its tributary the Montmorenci. This river is fordable at several points, and Wolfe hoped, at one or other of them, to penetrate the enemy's entrenchments and bring on a general engagement. Having placed his camp on the north bank in a state of complete defence, he commenced a bombardment of Quebec from batteries which he had erected on the south shore and from bomb-ketches. The next important step was to take advantage of the flood-tide and a favourable wind to pass the batteries of the town with the lighter vessels of the fleet, and gain the upper river. This movement, which was successfully accomplished, was of great interest to Wolfe, who anxiously watched the progress of the squadron; and it was a heavy blow to the garrison of Quebec, as their water communication with Montreal was thereby cut off. During this period the enemy made two attempts to burn the English fleet by fire-ships sent down with the tide. In the second attempt, they employed a formidable raft composed of many small vessels chained together, and laden with every description of combustibles. This attempt, as well as the former one, was baffled by the intrepidity of the sailors, who grappled the raft before it entered the basin and towed it ashore. While busy at this work, one sailor was heard to say to another, "Damn me, Jack, didst thee ever take hell in tow before?"

Thus far Wolfe had been successful. He had occupied

* *The Life of Major-General James Wolfe*. Founded on Original Documents, and Illustrated by his Correspondence. By Robert Wright. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864.

the positions essential to remaining before Quebec, and had completed all the preliminaries of his enterprise, but now it became necessary to consider how he should set about the enterprise itself. His adversary Montcalm, who was well skilled in war, remained within his intrenchments, and could not be decoyed into an engagement. Finding that the ford at the foot of Montmorenci Falls was passable for some hours at the lowest of the tide, Wolfe made dispositions for an attack upon the French camp beyond that river. The events of the unlucky day which followed have been described by Wolfe in a letter to Mr. Pitt. He says that the obstacles he had met with in the siege were much greater than he had reason to expect, not so much from the number of the enemy as from the natural strength of the country, which the Marquis de Montcalm seemed wisely to depend upon. After mentioning the passage of light vessels into the upper river, he says, "This enabled me to reconnoitre the country above, where I found the same attention on the enemy's side, and great difficulties on ours, arising from the nature of the ground and the obstacles to our communication with the fleet." If any attempt were made above the town, it was to be feared that the body first landed could not be reinforced before they were attacked by the enemy's whole army. Notwithstanding these difficulties, Wolfe had thought of attempting to land at St. Michael's, about three miles above the town, but the hazard appeared so great that he desisted. He then goes on to detail the plan which he formed for an attack below the town. One portion of the force employed was to land from boats on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, while another portion forded the Montmorenci below the falls, and a combined attack was thus to be made on the position of Montcalm's army, which had its left on the Montmorenci, its right on the St. Charles River, and its front to the St. Lawrence. Although this attempt appeared hazardous, and the difficulties proved on trial to be even greater than had been calculated, still it would probably have succeeded if the troops first landed from the boats had behaved steadily. But they rushed precipitately upon the French works, and with equal speed back again. The time thus lost, added to some previous delays which were accidental, made it near night, and the tide began to rise, so that Wolfe thought it advisable not to persevere in so difficult an attack, lest, in case of a repulse, the retreat across the ford might be uncertain. Accordingly, he withdrew the troops, and thus ended the only attempt at taking Quebec which Wolfe represented himself as able to consider in the least hopeful. It is possible that Mr. Pitt, to whom the report of this failure was addressed, understood Wolfe's character well enough to expect success where it was not promised, but the public took his gloomy despatch literally, and was prepared by it to hear of his defeat. This unsuccessful attempt to land below the town was made on the 31st of July, when the British armament had been before Quebec more than a month. Wolfe's delicate constitution now yielded under the disappointments and anxiety he had suffered. These, together with bodily fatigue, brought on a fever, which totally disabled him for several days. Thus the month of August passed in inactivity. The Admiral having complained to Wolfe of the report which he was preparing to send home of the misadventure at Montmorenci, as attributing an undue share of it to the navy, Wolfe altered his report, and wrote to the Admiral:—

I am sensible of my errors in the course of the campaign; see clearly wherein I have been deficient; and think a little more or less blame, to a man that must necessarily be ruined, of little or no consequence.

Between sickness and despondency, Wolfe's condition during the month of August must have been deplorable. In order that the public service might not suffer by his illness, he submitted three plans of action to his brigadiers, and desired them to consider what could best be done. The brigadiers reported that, in their opinion, the natural strength of the enemy's situation between the rivers St. Charles and Montmorenci made the result of an attack there, if attempted, very doubtful. They thought that the most probable method of striking an effectual blow was to bring the troops to the south shore, and carry on the operations above the town. "If we can establish ourselves on the north shore, the Marquis de Montcalm must fight us on our own terms. We are between him and his provisions, and between him and the army opposing General Amherst." This was the same plan that Wolfe had already considered and rejected, as appears from his letter to Mr. Pitt. He may have been quite right in rejecting the plan at first as too hazardous, but affairs had now reached a point at which it was necessary either to risk a good deal or to abandon all. Some of Wolfe's biographers have raised a debate whether their hero or his subordinates ought to have the credit of having suggested the plan by which Quebec was taken. There was, however, no very brilliant originality of genius displayed in proposing, when an attack on the south had failed, to try an attack upon the north. The proof of generalship lay, not in conceiving the idea, but in filling up the details of the plan, and carrying them into execution. With good troops and good fortune, an attack upon the south might have turned out as well as did the attack upon the north. But accidents happened on the south side, and the troops first landed did not do their duty. If things had gone well, the French might have been beaten in spite of their entrenchments; and although the river St. Charles would have been between the English and Quebec, it would probably have proved that Wolfe was right in saying that "a victorious army finds no difficulties." However, Wolfe's health was now partially restored, and he determined to try what could be done on the north side. On September 3 the British

troops decamped from Montmorenci, and were carried in boats across the St. Lawrence to Point Levi. Thence they moved by land and water some miles up the river. The easterly winds which now prevailed enabled ships to pass the town in the night, with provisions, artillery, &c. Wet weather prevented immediate action, and while waiting for an opportunity Wolfe wrote to one of the Secretaries of State:—

I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the State, or without any prospect of it.

The same letter contains the important observation that Wolfe's opponent had "the strongest country, perhaps, in the world, to rest the defence of the town and colony upon." Westward of the city of Quebec lies the elevated table-land called the Heights of Abraham, the only place where the nature of the country and the interposition of Montcalm's intrenched army had left the stronghold vulnerable. These heights are from 200 to 250 feet above the level of the St. Lawrence; and, as the cliffs which must be ascended in order to reach them were considered inaccessible, they were only lined by a few posts, for the purpose of watching the movements of the invaders. After Wolfe had decamped from Montmorenci, Montcalm sent a detachment up the left bank of the river; but, fearing that the British admiral would attack the French ships, which had retired further up, this detachment had marched for their protection. Meanwhile, Wolfe, having reconnoitred every inch of the rocky barrier he had resolved to climb, at length pitched upon a spot for the ascent about two miles above Quebec, now called Wolfe's Cove, but then bearing the name of L'Anse du Foulon. Having made arrangements for an attack on the night of the 12th of September, Wolfe wrote to Colonel Burton at Point Levi, instructing him as to the part his regiment was to take in it, and adding:—"If we succeed in the first business it may produce an action which may produce the total conquest of Canada."

Wolfe was now on board ship off Cape Rouge, a few miles above the spot chosen for his attempt. Turning for a moment from his public to his private history, it should be mentioned that in the previous winter he had begun a second courtship, which, unlike his first, was exceedingly rapid and successful. On the evening of the 12th, Wolfe delivered to a young naval officer a portrait of his betrothed, Miss Lowther, with a request that, if his presentiment of death should be fulfilled on the morrow, his friend would restore it to her. That young naval officer was John Jervis, afterwards Admiral Earl St. Vincent. At midnight the troops entered the boats, which, when ranged in order, rowed gently down the river along the north bank, assisted by the ebbing tide. The night was calm, but dark. The story goes that Wolfe, as he sat in his boat, repeated in a whisper Gray's "Elegy," and said to his officers that he would rather be the author of that piece than take Quebec. The landing was a happy compound of courage and good fortune. At the spot called L'Anse du Foulon is a little basin with a narrow beach, from which the precipice rises almost vertically 250 feet. There was a winding path leading to the heights, but so narrow that two men could barely ascend abreast. The enemy's posts were numerically weak, and they were surprised. Both by the path and by scrambling up the cliffs the British soldiers gained the top with little loss, and when day dawned on the 13th of September, Wolfe found himself on the Heights of Abraham. Excluding the small detachments that kept possession of the Isle of Orleans and Point Levi, his army numbered 4,826 men. One gun only could, with great labour, be trailed up the cliff. Montcalm had been deceived by demonstrations of the heavy ships of the English fleet, and was expecting an attack upon his camp below the town. He disbelieved the first report which reached him of the landing above the town, but, on ascending an eminence and beholding the enemy, he said, "Yes, I see them where they ought not to be." Immediately he prepared for the battle which alone could now save Quebec. Hurrying his battalions over the bridge across the St. Charles, Montcalm arrayed them against the English on a field well suited for the display of discipline, skill, and valour. Altogether he mustered 7,520 royal and colonial troops, with artillery. The Canadians, however, were no match for the steady veterans who on that day justified the confidence frequently expressed by Wolfe, and the French regular troops, deserted by their allies, had no choice but to follow them in flight. Wolfe had awaited the enemy's advance; when they came on he closed with them, so that they might feel bullets and bayonets at once. The battle was decided in about fifteen minutes, and Wolfe received three wounds, of which he died at the moment of assured success. His last order was to cut off the flying enemy from the bridge over the St. Charles River. His last words were, "Now God be praised; I die in peace." His worthy adversary, Montcalm, received a wound of which he died next day.

The military reputation of England would probably have stood higher than it did in the latter half of the eighteenth century if she had not lost her two most promising soldiers, Wolfe and Clive, in the flower of life. Either of these generals would have been a sore antagonist for the American colonists in their struggle for independence. Wolfe died in his thirty-third year. He was young in years, and still more in mind, for he always sought improvement in professional and other knowledge; and if he had lived to return home after defeating Montcalm and capturing Quebec, he would still have been the same as in earlier and undistinguished years. Forgetting those things which were behind, he would have pressed onward to those which were before. He

sometimes talked of quitting the army, but however much he may have loved domestic life, he loved the military profession more. If he had not loved that profession with no common love, he could not have struggled as he did against weakness and disease. "Don't tell me," he once said, "of constitution. Spirit will carry a man through everything." The spirit on which he relied was, however, widely different from that buoyant confidence in his own ability and fortune which is almost inseparably associated with the popular idea of a great commander. Wolfe's habit of mind was to think that he had never done enough to ensure success, or to entitle him to expect it. But, even where he hoped little, he was ready to dare and to endure all things.

A GUARDIAN ANGEL.*

A TRAP to Catch a Sunbeam was, if we remember rightly, thoroughly successful. It is a sort of trapping in which people are not always as prosperous as might be wished, and in which a little instruction is grievously needed by the general public. How many sunbeams everybody misses that lie broadly in his path, it would be an unsatisfactory piece of arithmetic to count. The *Guardian Angel* is also a success, but qualified with a little weakness in the dramatic element of the story. The caricature of Mrs. Broadwood and her lisping daughters is a shade too broad, and the conversations, we are obliged to own, are a little watery. Still the book is a good one, entirely healthy in tone, and quite unsensational; and the moral is not obtrusively inflicted on the reader. The author has a good notion of the guardian angel of practical life. There is no denial of a beautiful article of many thoughtful persons' faith, but along with it is a tolerably clear intimation that the ordinary angel of the sort is generally embodied in substantial flesh and blood. The heroine's principle is that

the bright side is mostly the right side; it would be a strange thing if we turned all our pictures with their faces to the wall, and made up our dresses on the wrong side instead of the right [the guardian angel of the book being, by the way, a dressmaker]; but it is what most people do, I think. I generally take my troubles and look at them, and turn the best side out, and by hiding the ugly we almost forget it's got one.

And so, while the matter-of-fact mother sees nothing more in her than "Yes, she's wonderful cheerful, sure," and the mother's prosaic friend ingeniously debits her with her excellences—"a cheerful disposition is a great blessing, and them as has it has a great call to be thankful"—the dressmaking angel saves her beloved out of an ugly scrape, though she knows all along that his heart is not hers. And when all is over, and he is married, she

knew now it was all ended, every happy dream she had indulged in—all, all gone for ever; he was restored to his position; his own Edith would be his wife; and she herself was his foster-sister, the daughter of a poor country carpenter—nothing more; never anything more to him.

The next morning, the sun shining through the little lattice window woke her to the memory of this sorrow; but Dora had done as usual—looked at it well and resolutely; turned its ugly side against the wall, and made up her mind only to look at its pleasant one.

It had a bright side, she knew, like all troubles.

On that bright side she saw Harry happy through her means; she saw herself the stay and comfort of her poor old parents' last days; and, above all, she saw how this sorrow led her to remember and strive more earnestly to attain that rest which is promised to those who have borne well the burden and heat of the day; and so she could say contentedly "it is well;" and rise quickly, and be downstairs busy at her household duties as though she had never been away, and show a bright cheerful face at breakfast to gladden her poor old mother, and make her enjoy their humble meal better than she had done any morning during her child's absence.

This is not fine writing at all. To "remember and strive," &c. is even slipshod, and there is a bit of sermon in it that is on the edge of commonplace; but here is fairly sketched out a good every-day angel's work, and how she did it, and how the good work done returned into her bosom, its own great reward. The writer is evidently of the old home-bred, simple-minded-Christian sort; and somehow, people who have been living for the last three or four years in a sort of theological dog-days, whirling and whistling all the while along the bran-new railway of free thought, among philosophies made to order and arithmetics run to seed—fancying that we are lords of half a dozen creations beside our own, and finding at the end that we are only very hot and tired—turn to the quiet simplicity of undogmatic well-doing with something of the sensation with which one welcomes green fields and an old gable or two and a bypath, after some hours of a-mile-a-minute including stoppages. If the book is almost too green here and there, one readily forgives it. And, after all, there is a good deal of healthy mother-thrift and wife-thrift about the thing, and not a little of artistic excellence in the foil to the guardian angel that the authoress has judiciously provided. Edith also is a guardian angel in her way, only her way is the unpleasant one that self-appointed angels commonly take. She is very self-denying, very self-sacrificing, only self-assertion lies at the root of the denial and the sacrifice; everybody may be happy, only she is to make them so.

The story is a simple one, not by any means new, but fairly and unadornedly told. Harry Aylmer is the son of a rich father, blessed with a spendthrift second wife. How Harry comes to be nothing more than a clerk in a bank, one does not quite see. He is entrusted with 20*l.* to hand over to a poor friend of the

cashier, which he very distinctly sees his step-mother steal in the night. His version of the case is, of course, not believed, and he is turned out of doors. He takes a gamekeeper's place near his quondam foster-parents in the country; and thither in a month or two come Herbert Lascelles and his bride, and Herbert's sister Edith—Harry's *fiancée*—with them. An accident discovers the lovers to each other, and there is the proper amount of lovers' sorrows. Geraldine Lascelles is a good-natured, not over-wise wife, who has been filled with good advice about the necessity of being mistress in her own house; and Edith is made a sort of domestic bugbear before she is aware of it, "shuts up" her sister-in-law unconsciously, and becomes a superior woman without at all knowing why. Geraldine's weekly bills get of course into a considerable mess. Edith (with a generosity that we fear is not borne out by ordinary experience) pays them on the sly, out of a legacy which she unaccountably keeps in her desk instead of in the bank or in the funds; and has to leave her brother's house, after a scene, in consequence. She takes refuge with the gamekeeper until she can write to "Uncle Barham." This personage is no relation, but he loved her mother nobody knows how long ago, carries the bitter secret inside his waistcoat for a generation or so, and is as testy as the conventional rich uncle with whom playgoers are a little too familiar. The gamekeeper has a fever, or something of the sort, as soon as Edith comes, and there follows the usual amount of nursing, devotion, and the stock *et ceteras* of the situation. Meanwhile, Harry's foster-sister, Dora, the carpenter's daughter, has set to work in earnest to prove his innocence, and goes to London. Harry lets out the secret of the 20*l.* in his delirium, which serves her for a clue, and she works her way into the household of Aylmer *père*, and gets sufficient evidence of the step-mother's guilt. The good man invents a pleasant story of somnambulism, and all ends happily for everybody but the guardian angel. Virtue is its own reward, of course, sweetened a little at the end by the bequest of a country miller who leaves his stock-in-trade to "the only woman he had ever asked to be his wife."

There is nothing very remarkable in the story, and nothing very out-of-the-way in the telling of it; and yet one gets interested in persons who are themselves uninteresting more than might have been thought possible *a priori*. It is no slight praise to say that the extreme simplicity of the plot and its narration remind one now and then of the quiet silvery beauty of "Rosamond Gray," the most perfect of stories told by the sweet singer of storydom, Charles Lamb. There is a thorough honesty about the whole thing, and a truthful simplicity that compels one to overlook minor improbabilities, anachronisms like "awfully jolly" in the mouth of a schoolboy twenty years ago, and even so stupendous an amount of innocence as allows the authoress to make a lady's-maid say of her mistress, "I've made as much as fifteen or twenty pounds in one season with her cast-off clothes," and "The money she spends on dress would keep two or three poor families." There are some dozens of Mr. Aylmers in the world who would be delighted to hear of a lady's-maid who took so moderate a view of her duties towards herself—that third table of the Decalogue which has so entirely superseded the others for all practical purposes. But for the writer's favourable allowance of lovers saying pretty things to their sweethearts on Sundays, and the general geniality and sunniness of the whole story, we should have put her down for the primmest of Puritans. Nothing short of this could, one would think, have made a mother say to her daughters in their father's presence, "I wish we could all imitate papa in his careful judgment of persons; he is never hasty in expressing an opinion of any one; and so, after his mature deliberation, he is seldom deceived, and therefore seldom disappointed." It is as good as a copy-book, or the Fifth Commandment in petticoats, and yet it somehow fits in with the staid propriety of the scene and the actors, and there are really only a few books in which it could find a place without grotesque incongruity. One seems to see through the starch the refreshing old cap and frill of a fossil generation. But there are very pungent bits of fun here and there. For instance, where the doctor makes love to the wrong sister:—

"Yes, that will do, good night." And, shaking him cordially by the hand, Sir James returned into the room, and Mr. Barrow went through the ante-room to go out into the hall. Whether he missed his way in a fit of absence, or really had forgotten which turning in the hall led to the front door, he certainly found himself in Sir James's library, the door of which stood open, and a lamp burnt there giving a very feeble light, as though warning all guests that it was time for their departure. Standing by the table with her back to the door stood a lady with that white dress and those white flowers. He knew the dress by heart, every fold of the drapery, the number of the skirts, the soft lace about the body and sleeves—it was Margaret Huntley, he was sure.

And it was not. But all comes right. Margaret Huntley goes to church with him like a Christian, and kneads pills for the rest of her days very becomingly. When Miss Million, in another popular novel, marries Doctor Thorn, it is, after all, rather an overpowering piece of condescension. Margaret does it considerably better, in quiet homespun fashion. It is a relief to get a bit of every-day naturalness in over-wrought and dusty days like these.

We must not omit a quiet sketch from humble life of a character that is far from uncommon in all ranks. Dora's London aunt has had, in days gone by, a terrible quarrel with her sister Dora's mother, which might be supposed to render the reception of the latter at the small shop in the Borough somewhat problematical. Not a. all. The aunt is overjoyed, especially when she understands that the heroine has taken French leave of her

* *A Guardian Angel*. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1864.

home. Poor Uncle Robinson does not quite see the propriety of the step:—

"I see, my dear, and that's enough," said her aunt. "Your poor uncle can see and understand very little beyond snuff; neither does he know poor Sarah Elphick as I do, and how difficult she is to manage. Had she known before you came here when you intended coming, her rheumatism would have been suddenly much worse, and she could not have spared you. Ah, poor Sarah! You know, I suppose, love, the cause of the difference that has separated us so long?"

"No, dear aunt, not exactly."

"Sausages, my dear," said her aunt gravely—so gravely that Dora thought she must have misunderstood the word, and asked her to repeat it.

"Sausages, my dear. The case was this—have another patie, and don't sniff, James, because I intend telling this dear girl the whole story. Well, love, the case was this—when we used to take our holiday, it was invariably down to your house we went. Poor Sarah is the last of us, and of course I thought it natural to go and see her when I could; and knowing that Elphick had nothing but what he worked for, I always carried a little something with me towards the housekeeping, and frocks for you children, and such like. Well, my dear, the last time I went—don't sniff, James—the last time I went, I took with me four pounds of the beautifullest sausages you ever saw. I need not tell you, my dear, that sausages are things that will keep, in cool weather especially; it was quite cool weather, James—quite late in the autumn, so there was no excuse whatever for the insult. Judge my surprise when we sat down to supper on the sausages."

"What, instead of chairs, my love?" remarked Robinson, vigorously applying another pinch of snuff to his nose.

"James, joking is not always suitable. Your niece knows what I mean. You know, my dear Dora, what I mean. Nothing was provided for our entertainment but the food we had brought ourselves. I rose from the table; I would not have swallowed a mouthful; and the next morning I left Bradleigh, never to return to it unless an apology was made; which apology I have never received."

Of course the mighty feud was far beyond Dora's powers of reconciliation. The old lady overpowers her with kindness. Only, unluckily, Dora has to hurry her departure from London, and to take leave of her hostess by letter. Here is the answer:—

DORA ELPHICK.—That you should leave London without coming to wish me good bye, after receiving you and giving you the shelter of a home when you had not one, does not surprise me, knowing you to be the daughter of Sarah Elphick; but that, having done so, you should venture to insult me by an invitation to your house, does surprise me. James—who is sniffing so as I write that I am troubled to write—*is thinking of coming to you. I have told him to please himself; he knows best if his wife ought to be left to eat her Christmas dinner alone; but his love of gaiety and variety is such that I believe he would go anywhere for a change. So, if he should come, remember it is out of no compliment or affection for you or yours. I will say, in conclusion, that I forgive you, Dora, as any Christian woman with a knowledge of her catechism is bound to do; but I never wish to see you again.*

Your Aunt, L. ROBINSON.

It is melancholy to think how many Aunt Robinsons there are in the world, and what a mass of sterling kindness is spoilt for want of a civil word.

Here we must take leave of the *Guardian Angel*. It is not of the highest order of fiction; but it has a good honest *morale* about it that makes it a refreshing contrast to half the books one comes across, and there is a carefulness and truthfulness in the delineation and keeping of the characters that are not always found in works of much greater pretension. We very gladly recommend it.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR IRELAND.*

THE publication of a Handbook for Ireland, in Mr. Murray's famous red-covered series, deserves a special notice. It is strange that a book for which there has long been such a demand has not been issued before this. The fortunate holders of Irish tourists' tickets for the present season are to be congratulated on the possession at last of an excellent and portable guidebook for the whole island. So far as our examination has gone, we are able to commend very highly the execution of the work. The editor has taken great pains and has shown much judgment. He seems, too, to have kept generally the right mean between undue brevity and unseasonable prolixity. Of course, a volume of 350 pages is quite insufficient for the proper description of a country so large as Ireland. The present Handbook, however, may serve as an admirable itinerary of the island; though particular districts will still require separate guidebooks on a larger scale.

After the usual fashion of these Handbooks, the traveller is supposed to go to work very methodically, and to traverse the whole island in thirty-seven routes. We have more than once expressed an opinion that this is by no means the best method of constructing a guidebook; but, in the present instance, something is to be said for it, considering that most tourists in Ireland keep strictly to the beaten tracks. The editor seems to have qualified himself for his task by many personal visits and journeys. He has the courage to speak his mind on many points with great freedom. For instance, he warns "the proprietors of hotels, with a few exceptions," to improve the accommodations offered to tourists, especially in the matter of cleanliness. This hint will probably be taken; for Irish innkeepers, like those of the Continent, will not be insensible to the value of a recommendation in "Murray." To his readers in general he offers the useful injunction never to give to beggars. Here is a picture which is familiar to all Irish travellers:—

Whenever the car or coach stops, swarms of impudent mendicants rise up as if by magic, and try which can excel the other in noisy whining and falsehoods. To give to these is simply wrong, for they are mostly beggars by choice and not from necessity. If work were offered to them, they would in all probability refuse it—preferring to lead a life of disgusting idleness to

honest labour. The tourist may well wonder to what defect in the social laws, or to what misplaced soft-heartedness in the hearts of the civic rulers, these intolerable nuisances owe their continuance.

Not less necessary is the advice not to engage oneself in any discussion on party subjects, especially on such as involve religious differences. On all social and political questions the tourist is recommended to make his own observations, and to "keep them to himself." The recent disgraceful riots at Belfast give a practical commentary on the soundness of this advice. In his next edition, the editor must caution the tourist-ticket holder to inquire by telegraph the state of the Queen's peace in a given town before he includes it in his route, for it would be very inconvenient to find an infuriated mob at the railway terminus waiting to beat and murder all the passengers who should arrive by a suspected train. On the other hand, the timid traveller is encouraged to hope that he at least will have no reason to fear what is here called, euphemistically, "agrarian outrage." He is not likely to be shot from behind a hedge, or to be clubbed during a ramble in search of the picturesque. We are told that it is a most rare occurrence for "a stranger" to be molested in any way, which "seems to arise," however, "more from the native politeness of the Irish character than from love of the Saxon." Among the preliminary information we find, of course, a description of the Bianconi cars. The long car is asserted to be better suited to the country than the coach, not only as holding more passengers, besides a fabulous quantity of luggage in the well, but as being better balanced, and having its seats so low that in the event of an accident any one who is not halt or blind may leap off safely to the ground. On the other hand—and this, in so rainy a climate as that of Ireland, is surely a considerable disadvantage—there are no inside places for such as do not wish to get wet through. The editor proceeds to give some hints to car-passengers. Not only ought they to provide themselves with a private waterproof apron, and a strap by which they may buckle themselves to the seat, so as not to be jerked off, but they must ascertain beforehand which way the wind is blowing. "Choose your side accordingly," is the sage counsel, "as the tourist will find it no slight comfort to hear the rain beating on the other side, while the well and the luggage shelter him." This is adopting with a vengeance the famous Lucretian description of selfish enjoyment. It would be edifying to see two parties of tourists, each with Murray in hand, contending for the leeward side of a car on a wet day.

In the Introduction to this volume the editor gives some very useful brief disquisitions on subjects which will be of great interest to every intelligent traveller. For instance, the physical geography of the island, and its geology and botany, are succinctly treated. Not that descriptions of mountains, lakes, and river-basins are very intelligible without maps. An admirable travelling-map of Ireland, indeed, accompanies the volume, contained in two sheets, and engraved by Mr. Stanford; but, as befits a mere travelling-map, the physical features are not included. It does not convey any very clear idea to an ordinary reader to be told that the water-power distributed over the surface of Ireland, capable of acting day and night all the year through, amounts to the power of 1,248,849 horses, very little of which is utilized. It is more intelligible to be told that the large lakes, which are so conspicuous a feature in the physical geography of Ireland, are scarcely turned to any account in the water-communication of the country. The geological description of the island is judiciously compiled. As is well known, half of Ireland, including that great central plain over which the Midland Great Western Railway takes its desolate course, is of carboniferous limestone. The drifts, of three different ages, which form so remarkable a feature of the central plain, are only briefly noticed. We know that nothing is more difficult than the description of a confused geological district, so that we can sympathize with the writer's naïve remark that "the south-west of Ireland, otherwise so intricate in its geological arrangement, is *mercifully* free from the complications of igneous rocks." As to the botany of Ireland, the editor adopts as at least probable the interesting speculation of the late Edward Forbes, that its Flora is of an Andalusian or Iberian type. That eminent naturalist believed that a great continent, connecting Spain and Ireland, was "formed by the upheaval of the Miocene Tertiaries, and that this tract bore the peculiar Fauna and Flora which are still met with in the Azores, Madeira, Spain, and Ireland." After noticing the productive resources of the island, especially its culture of flax and its general agricultural and mineral industries—many of them still undeveloped—the editor proceeds to the not less interesting subject of its antiquities. Herein he follows Mr. Wakeman's useful little manual, which divides them into the three classes of Pagan, Early Christian, and Anglo-Irish remains. The whole country is fancifully described as "a Tadmor or a Nineveh"—ruins of some sort or other being scattered "in melancholy profusion" over the length and breadth of the land. The Pagan remains consist of cromlechs and other sepulchral memorials, such as inscribed pillars and stones, military fortifications, and (as very recent discoveries have shown) *crammages*, or stockaded lake-villages, such as have been found in shallow waters in many parts of the Continent. As to the Early Christian remains, Dr. Petrie's theories are wisely adopted, both as to the small oratories, which abound in Ireland, and as to the Round Towers. The latter have been ruled by that great authority to be nothing but belfries, adapted to serve the secondary purpose of defensive strongholds; and their date, as a general rule, is set down as the ninth or tenth century. An exceedingly useful list of

* *Handbook for Travellers in Ireland.* London: John Murray. 1864.

antiquarian remains, very carefully classified, is appended for the use of such archaeologists as may wish to pursue the subject more fully. We turned with some curiosity to see what would be said as to Mr. Guinness's munificent but ill-advised works of so-called restoration in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. To our regret, we found the editor satisfied with saying that that unlucky church is "fortunate" in its restoration. We may take this occasion of expressing our satisfaction that the late Mr. Carpenter's designs for the restoration of the Lady Chapel of this cathedral, for the use of the Knights of the Order of St. Patrick, are now (we hear) likely to be carried out under proper architectural superintendence. We do not observe, by the way, any notice of the new cathedral of Kilmore; and the editor does not seem to be aware that the new cathedral of Cork, by Mr. Burges, is at last about to be seriously taken in hand. St. Columba's College at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, is not noticed.

Of the actual routes described in the Handbook we have not space to say much. A few things struck us in turning over the pages. The Killarney district is, of course, described with much detail; and there is a separate map of that district. The editor writes with becoming indignation against the superstitions and indecencies still practised at the Wells of Struel, near Downpatrick. Of noble scenery less known than it deserves to be, he speaks highly of the Arrigal Mountain and the Slieve-nacht (or Hill of Snow), near Gweedore—the place famous for Lord George Hill's philanthropic labours to improve the condition of the peasantry. The Protestant "Settlement" in Achill does not seem to be so flourishing—if we may believe the Handbook—as constant readers of the *Achill Herald* would expect. The editor confirms the usual belief that the town of Galway has become "impressed to a certain degree with Spanish features, both in the architecture of the streets as well as the dress and manners of the population," from the long commercial intercourse which it kept up with Spain. The houses, he says, are "foreign to a degree unknown in any other town in the kingdom." Many of them, indeed, are built in the Spanish fashion, with a small court (*patio*) in the middle, and an arched gateway leading into the street. Galway was the seat of an early Anglo-Norman colony, the families belonging to which continued to form a kind of exclusive aristocracy, and have been called the Tribes of Galway ever since the expression was first used, as a term of reproach, by Cromwell's soldiery. In one of their by-laws, dated 1518, it was enacted "that no man of this towne shall oste or receive into their houses at Christemas, Easter, nor no feaste elles, any of the Burkes, M'Williams, the Kellies, nor no cepte elles, without license of the mayor and councill, on payn to forfeit 5£, that neither O', nor Mac, shalle strutte ne swaggere thro' the streetes of Galloway." In the same spirit this curious inscription was formerly to be seen over the west gate:—

From the ferocious O'Flaherties,
Good Lord, deliver us.

In conclusion, we have only to recommend this volume as a very useful book of reference even to such as are not about to visit Ireland. To tourists in the sister island the book is simply indispensable.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Regency of the Duke of Orleans and the reign of Louis XV. form together one of the most interesting and important periods in the history of France. The passage from absolute monarchy to comparative freedom, the gradual decay of ancient doctrines under the pressure of public opinion, and unblushing effrontery succeeding to hypocrisy and polished corruption—such are the principal features which characterize that epoch, and render it a curious subject for the speculations of the philosopher and the statesman. We forget whether it was of Louis le Bien-aimé's government or of that of the Directory that some writer said, "Ce fut une halte dans la boue"; but if this curt description is made to apply to the reign of Louis XV., we must accept it only with certain qualifications. As far as the political status of France was concerned—its military lustre, its commerce, its relations with the rest of Europe—the expression is true enough; but, on the other hand, it was a period marked by boundless intellectual activity in every branch of science, literature, and speculation. A faithful history of that epoch must, therefore, always be interesting, and the new work of M. Jobez* may be read with pleasure, even after those of Lacroix, Lemontey, and De Tocqueville. The author begins, in his preface, by enumerating the various causes which have been adduced as having led to the revolution of 1789. The aristocracy, the army, and the Church occupy respectively stand-points from which they are apt to estimate both men and facts too one-sidedly; and hence, unconsciously perhaps, they misrepresent the evidence placed before them. The best course, accordingly, is to note the grievances alleged by different classes of society, to check the one by the other, and to study history from as many points of view as there are interests at stake. This is what M. Jobez has done, and as his work is clearly and elegantly written, while all his authorities are scrupulously given, it must be pronounced a valuable contribution to modern historical literature. The volume just issued forms only the introduction to the work itself. It consists of three chapters,

giving briefly a view of the state of France from the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. to the administration of Cardinal Dubois. M. Jobez touches but slightly on military affairs and foreign politics, his object being merely to unfold the causes which told more especially upon public opinion, and brought about the reaction against the arbitrary features of the *ancien régime*. Thus he has supplied us with ample details on the condition of the Protestants, their sufferings and their heroism. The questions connected with Port-Royal, the Bull Unigenitus, and the Quietists are also thoroughly discussed, and the important measures adopted contrary to the express will of Louis XIV. receive their due share of notice. The work is to be completed in six volumes, and we are led to hope that the author will ultimately treat in the same manner the history of Louis XVI. up to the meeting of the States-General.

The *Memoirs of Madame Roland* have often been published. Interesting as an authentic record of the Girondist administration and of its struggles with the Jacobins, they have likewise the merit of high excellence in a literary point of view. We question whether, in the whole range of memoir literature, there could be found pages more fresh, more cheerful, more life-like than those autobiographical fragments written in a Paris prison, with the guillotine in the distance, and the murky atmosphere of the Reign of Terror weighing down heavily upon the country. A new edition of Madame Roland's *Memoirs*, therefore, must always be acceptable, especially when, like M. Faugère's, it offers to us many new features, and many valuable documents not within the reach of previous editors. M. Faugère has already established his reputation as a critic by his beautiful edition of *Pascal's Thoughts*, his essay on Gerson, and other works of the same character; and the volumes now before us fulfil the expectations which his previous publications had led us to form. He has enjoyed special advantages in the execution of his present undertaking, having received in 1846, from Madame Champagneux, the daughter of Madame Roland, the autograph MS. of her mother's memoirs. Since the first edition of this work, the original had remained scrupulously concealed in the family archives, and M. Faugère had made use of it only for the purpose of correcting and annotating his own private copy; but the publication of M. de Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins* suggested to Madame Champagneux the idea of giving a new and faithful edition of Madame Roland's autobiography. She felt annoyed at seeing the poet-historian systematically depreciate her father's character by representing him as weak and commonplace, and she accordingly asked M. Faugère to place facts in their true light by re-editing and annotating the work. We have here, therefore, the complete text, including a few passages suppressed by M. Boac, the first editor, as applying to persons then living; notes of every description have been plentifully added, for the purpose of elucidating a number of curious facts; an appendix of letters (chiefly hitherto unpublished) and other papers completes each volume; and, finally, M. Faugère's preface gives us a few judicious remarks on Madame Roland's character, both as a woman and as a writer.

M. Camille Flammarion† is a spirited advocate of the plurality of inhabited worlds. Many people will remember Philaminte's observation:—

Et j'ai vu clairement des hommes dans la lune.

M. Flammarion does not go quite so far, but he evidently thinks that, with sufficiently powerful telescopes, we should see both the "men" spoken of by Philaminte, and the "steeples" mentioned by Belise. We have become, he says, too proud, too conceited. It is time we should be taught that our planet is not the only important element in the solar system, and, by establishing the "indubitable" fact that beings like ourselves, moral and responsible, are scattered through space as the denizens of the various planets, we shall have laid the foundations of what M. Flammarion calls the religion of science. His work is divided into five chapters. The first contains a number of extracts, forming a kind of *consensus generalis* in favour of the propositions maintained. The second gives us a description of our planetary system; in the third the physiology of the earth is discussed; and the heavens and mankind constitute respectively the subjects of the fourth and fifth. A few notes are placed together in an appendix, chiefly by way of answer to those who oppose M. Flammarion's theory as contrary to the teaching of revelation.

M. Jacquinot's *Tableau du Monde Physique*‡ is a series of popular essays on the principal topics of natural philosophy. The author remarks that the forces of nature now engage much of that attention which was formerly reserved for the special applications of those forces; and he adds that such a study is as distinctly a branch of philosophy as the science of metaphysics. He goes on to show that the German philosophers Schelling, Kant, and Hegel, were no less distinguished as scientific men than as metaphysical writers, and he concludes that the study of natural and physical science ought to be cultivated even by those who turn their attention more especially to literary topics.

The success which has attended the establishment of popular lectures in France is now a matter of history; and we heartily

* *Mémoires de Madame Roland, écrits durant sa Captivité*. Nouvelle édition. Par M. P. Faugère. 2 vols. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *La Pluralité des Mondes habités*. Par Camille Flammarion. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Tableau du Monde Physique, ou Excursions à travers la Science*. Par M. N. Jacquinot. Paris: Didier.

* *La France sous Louis XV.* Par M. Alphonse Jobez, Ancien Représentant. Tome I. Paris: Didier.

rejoice at it, although we regret, together with M. Thévenin, that "those who call themselves the modern Athenians, the wittiest nation in the world," should have been so long in adopting a useful, and at the same time an interesting, method of mental recreation for the working classes. However, by-gones are by-gones, and we will only hope that, when the lecture-rooms re-open next winter, some stump orator will not, by glowing panegyrics on Robespierre or Marat, give to the Minister of Public Instruction an excuse for closing both the *Association Polytechnique* and all similar institutions. The volume just issued by M. Thévenin contains nine lectures delivered during the course of 1863* before the members of the Association. In his preface the editor gives a kind of historical *résumé* of the origin of lectures in Paris, the Society with which he is more particularly connected having been the first to establish them. As for the contents of the book, they are of the most varied description; and when we say that they bear, amongst others, the names of MM. Paulin Paris, Babinet, Bathie, and Philartète Charles, we shall have sufficiently indicated their high character.

The death of M. Emile Saisset, Professor of Moral Philosophy at the Sorbonne, has left in the ranks of metaphysical teachers a vacancy which cannot easily be filled. This gifted author was preparing several works on metaphysical subjects, and he had intended to re-write in an extended form, for M. Germer Baillière's *Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine*, two essays originally published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.† The former of these articles was a refutation of the theories of modern *Animists*; the latter contained a sketch of French *Æsthetics*, written *à propos* of M. Charles Leveque's treatise on the science of the Beautiful. Ill-health having prevented M. Saisset from carrying out the plan originally conceived, M. Germer Baillière thought it better to reprint together in the same *brochure* the articles referred to. If not strictly connected by unity of subject, they are so, at all events, by unity of doctrine; and M. Saisset's elevated views will be equally apparent to those who follow his masterly discussion of M. Bouillier, and to the artists who examine the manner in which he deals with the subject of *æsthetics*.

The difficult and little appreciated task of writing for the young is, for M. de Triqueti, a relaxation from his other labours. He has produced, under the title *Les Ouvriers selon Dieu*‡, a series of biographical sketches which we can cordially recommend to all readers. Baron de Triqueti is a Protestant, and one of the members of the Consistory in Paris; but his interesting gallery is of a truly catholic description, and, extending to all localities and to nearly all times, embraces every section of the Christian Church. Hugh Miller and Bernard Palissy, *Sœur Rosalie* and Elizabeth Fry, Stephenson and Linnaeus, have an equal place in the collection.

The anonymous author of a pamphlet on Venice in 1864§ begins by asserting that, although the Venetians felt woefully disappointed when, five years ago, the French troops did not free them from the rule of Austria, yet the results of the campaign have really, in one sense at least, proved beneficial to them. The Treaty of Villafranca, he says, whilst maintaining Austria in possession of Venice, has not been able to establish her authority on solid foundations. Since that epoch her rule in Northern Italy is considered by every one as essentially temporary, and the Germans themselves, fully convinced that they cannot long remain quiet masters of their Italian dominions, treat them exactly like conquered States, merely endeavouring to extort from them all they can in the way of taxes, subsidies, &c. The author is of opinion that Austria must be the aggressor in the not distant war, and he winds up his pamphlet by stating the following dilemma:—Italy will be free as far as the Adriatic, or Austria will regain her lost influence and recover her lost possessions.

M. G. Aubaret, a captain in the French navy, has translated a Chinese work of great interest and importance.|| We allude to the *Gia-dinh-Kung-chi*, or description of Cochin-China. The importance of this volume will be apparent from the following considerations. It is the production of one of the most eminent mandarins; written about thirty years ago, it has ever since been esteemed as the classical handbook of travellers desiring to be acquainted with Cochin-China; and no candidate for public employment could pretend to a post in that part of the empire unless he was perfectly read in all the historical and geographical details supplied by the *Gia-dinh-Kung-chi*. The work, carefully translated by Captain Aubaret, enriched with copious notes, beautifully printed at the *Imprimerie Impériale*, and illustrated with an excellent map, is divided into two parts. The first contains the history of the conquest of the six provinces; the second is entirely geographical in its character, and must have offered unusual difficulties to the translator in consequence of the multiplicity of proper names. For other particulars respecting

this curious work, we cannot do better than refer the reader to Captain Aubaret's preface, which will amply repay perusal.

We need scarcely remind the historical student that during the last few years the reign of Louis XIV. has been discussed from almost every possible point of view.* Religion, politics, wars, literature, biography, have all engaged the attention of competent writers, and have received the fullest elucidation. Commercial affairs alone do not seem to have obtained the notice which they claim, and yet the seventeenth century in France was marked by transactions of that kind quite as momentous in their way as the movements of armies or the intrigues of politicians. M. de Ségur-Dupeyron deserves, therefore, our thanks for attempting to supply an important desideratum. For want of understanding thoroughly the commercial affairs [of the times, many writers, otherwise well informed, have been led to ascribe to wrong causes either the beginning of hostilities or the conclusion of a peace. We may mention, as one instance, the campaign of 1672, which M. de Ségur-Dupeyron has explained from a point of view which his predecessors had neglected. In the performance of his task he has had the advantage of access to many unpublished documents preserved amongst the State-papers at the French Foreign-office. The volume before us extends from the year 1660 to 1678; it is to be followed by others treating of the end of the reign of Louis XIV. and the entire reign of Louis XV.

M. Fallex some years ago translated into French verse some of the more translatable passages of Aristophanes.† Encouraged by the success of his undertaking, he now gives us a revised and enlarged edition of the work, including a complete version of the *Plutus*. The reader will be much struck by the *à propos* with which M. Fallex applies the withering sarcasms of the Greek poet to the vices and follies of modern times. As we read the description given of Cleon by the Chorus in the *Wasps*, we are reminded of Marat; the Clouds immediately recall to us Palissot and his caricature of Jean Jacques Rousseau in *Les Philosophes*. The translator, whose version deserves commendation both for its fidelity and its elegance, gives us at every step an opportunity of identifying some obscure allusion, or illustrating some interesting point of literary history.

M. S. M. Cayla has decided *ex cathedra*‡ that the devil, hell, and original sin are the three great weapons employed by priests to frighten and degrade humanity. Symbols borrowed from the old pantheistic doctrines of Asia, they must disappear, and disappear they shall! After so very positive an assertion, what use would there be in offering any remonstrance or objection? *Sic volo, sic jubeo*.

M. Arsène Houssaye is of opinion that by "stirring up the flames of passion we breathe the atmosphere of virtue."§ This certainly seems a very questionable doctrine. At all events, if the history of *Mademoiselle Cléopâtre* can excite its readers to virtue, it must be by way of contrast; for amongst the most disgusting novels lately issued from the Parisian press few can be compared to this nauseous biography of a lorette who manages to live at the same time the life of a courtesan and that of a lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, who is the instigator of a highway robbery and a murder, who ruins all with whom she comes into contact, and who dies almost *en odeur de sainteté*, exclaiming, "*Que c'est beau la vertu!*" M. Fortunio's *La Lionne Amoureuse*|| is another production of the same school, with less talent and more impudence.

On the list of works of fiction published by M. Hachette, we find three which claim special notice. *L'Héritage de Charlemagne*¶ is an historical romance, written with great vigour and unfolding a succession of stirring adventures relating to the campaigns of the Emperor. The Twelve Peers of France, sharers and maintainers of Charlemagne's glory, are represented in the epilogue as undergoing a kind of transfiguration; their heroic chief himself becoming, in course of time, Napoleon, while his Capitularies are changed into the Code Civil. M. Louis Enault's novel *Olga*** is intended to illustrate a moral idea, and to show how the consequences of selfishness and misconduct affect for ever the happiness of a man, even after he has determined upon retrieving his character. Separated from his wife, who has discovered his intense egotism, the Prince Paul Barinsky falls deeply in love with Olga. They become united, but the marriage is not legal, as the Emperor obstinately refuses his consent; and when at last he gives way, Barinsky, overpowered by the suddenness of the Czar's determination, dies of an apoplectic stroke. M. Enault has admirably depicted all the consequences of his hero's follies; and the scene in which Barinsky's son, Paulowitch, is taunted for his illegitimacy by his companions, strikes us as a masterpiece. *Le Chevalier du Silence*††

* *Histoire des Négociations Commerciales et Maritimes du Règne de Louis XIV.* Par P. de Ségur-Dupeyron. Paris: Duprat.

† *Théâtre d'Aristophanes, Scènes traduites en Vers Français.* Par Eugène Fallex. 2 vols. Paris: Durand.

‡ *Le Diable, sa Grandeur et sa Décadence.* Par S. M. Cayla. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Mademoiselle Cléopâtre, Histoire Parisienne.* Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Lévy.

|| *La Lionne Amoureuse.* Par Fortunio. Paris: Dentu.

¶ *L'Héritage de Charlemagne.* Par Charles Deslys. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

** *Olga.* Par Louis Enault. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

†† *Le Chevalier du Silence.* By Alexandre de Lavergae. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

* *Association Polytechnique. Entretiens Populaires publiés par Evariste Thévenin.* Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *L'Âme et la Vie, suivi d'un Examen Critique de l'Esthétique Française.* Par Emile Saisset. Paris: Germer Baillière.

‡ *Les Ouvriers selon Dieu, et leurs Œuvres. Suite de Discours.* Par H. de Triqueti. Paris: Meyrieux.

§ *La Vénétie en 1864.* Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *Histoire et Description de la basse Cochin-Chine, traduites pour la première fois, d'après le Texte Chinois.* Par G. Aubaret, Capitaine de Frégate. Paris: Duprat.

also displays the talent of an experienced writer. It is the simple narrative of a life of disinterested self-sacrifice. In order to bring about the happiness of two young people, Teobaldo Broffieri carefully conceals his own love, and when an act of imprudence has very nearly ruined that happiness, he steps forward, saves by a generous (if not strictly defensible) fiction the reputation of his friends, and finds ultimately his own reward in a fortunate union with Berthe d'Allevard. We do not much like the plot of M. Adrien Robert's tale, and the history of forgeries, seductions, and *liaisons dangereuses* which it contains is far from pleasing; but the noble character of Gerald goes some way to redeem the many questionable characteristics of the work. We must also mention another volume by the same author—the *Guerre des Gueux*, which introduces us to the "rise of the Dutch Republic," to Philip II., the Duke of Alva, the Counts of Egmont and of Horn. M. Adrien Robert has preserved, with tolerable success, historical accuracy, and his sketch of the revolution in the Netherlands is very interesting.

* *Le Combat de l'Honneur*. Par Adrien Robert. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *La Guerre des Gueux*. Par Adrien Robert. Paris: Dentu.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. COLERIDGE AND THE BALLOT.—Mr. Coleridge complains of the following passage in our article of last week, headed "Vacation Speeches":—"Sir John Trelawny has a right, as a consistent advocate of the Ballot, to comment on the singular conversion of Mr. Coleridge and of other defeated candidates." Mr. Coleridge says:—"More than two years ago I stated that I should vote for the Ballot, and in every printed and oral address I have made since then (and they have been a good many) I have repeated that statement. The amount of pressure brought to bear upon voters which was disclosed to me during my canvass led me to believe the Ballot to be of more political importance than I had before believed. The letters which I saw, and the statements which were made to me, and which I believe to be true, revealed an amount of moral coercion exercised towards voters of which I had no previous idea. And this led me, in a speech I made before the election, and when my chances of success were very good, to say that, while in all other respects I adhered absolutely to what I had at first stated, in the matter of the Ballot I was now convinced that I had much underrated its importance, and I thought it fair to say so. Since my defeat I have never made any sort of public allusion to the Ballot, either orally or in writing. You may think me right or wrong in my opinion, but you have, I assure you, done me a great, though I am sure unintended injustice in suggesting that my opinion was in any way influenced by the result of the election. I should think it showed great baseness to be consciously influenced by such considerations, and great weakness to be unconsciously influenced by them."

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

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DEANE & CO., THE MONUMENT, LONDON BRIDGE.

THE CHILIAN MINING and TRADING COMPANY, Limited.

Incorporated under "The Companies Act, 1863," with Limited Liability.

CAPITAL, £300,000, IN 17,000 SHARES OF £20 EACH.

Deposit on Application, £1 per Share, and on Allotment, £4 per Share. Calls not to exceed £5 per Share, and at Intervals of not less than Three Months.

Directors.

JOHN VANNER, Esq., Coleman Street, a Director of the City Bank.

JAMES ALFRED HALLETT, Esq. (Messrs. Hallett, Ommamney, & Co., Bankers), Great George Street, Westminster.

Rear-Admiral GEORGE GREVILLE WELLESLEY, C.B., 10 Wilton Street, Grosvenor Place.

THOMAS WOOD HEATON, Esq., Bolton.

SAMPSON WATERS, Esq., Gyllyngdune, Falmouth.

WILLIAM MÜLLER, Esq., 11 Southwick Crescent, Hyde Park Square (of the firm of A. Hemenway & Co., Valparaiso).

THOMAS GARLAND, Esq., Fairfield, Redruth, Cornwall.

(With power to add Three to their Number.)

Bankers.

THE CITY BANK.

THE CONSOLIDATED BANK, Limited, Manchester.

THE LIVERPOOL UNION BANK, Liverpool.

Messrs. TWEEDY, WILLIAMS, & CO., Truro.

Solicitors—Messrs. STUART & MASSEY, 5 Gray's Inn Square.

Brokers.

LONDON—Messrs. WEBB, GEACH, & PENNINGTON, 8 Finch Lane, E.C.

MANCHESTER—Messrs. MEWBRUN & BARKER.

LIVERPOOL—Messrs. S. R. & R. HEALEY.

LEES—Messrs. POTTER & CO.

Secretary (pro tem.)—HENRY ELFDORF, Esq.

OFFICES—83 UPPER THAMES STREET, E.C. (formerly the Mines Royal Office)

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed for the purpose of purchasing and working two Copper Mines in Chili called "Descubridora" and "San Pedro," and of acquiring certain valuable freehold premises, plant, and stock, together with an existing trade in connexion therewith, at the ports of Chancal and Pau d'Asucar.

Arrangements have been made for the purchase by the Company of the Descubridora Mine for £135,000, and of the San Pedro Mine, and other property, for £160,000. The vendors will take amongst themselves and their friends capital to the amount of one-fourth of the purchase-money. The payment of the cash portion of the purchase-money will be deferred until the titles shall be approved, and the properties actually vested in the Company or its nominees, according to the laws of Chili. No promotion money will be paid by the Company.

The following is a description of the Mines.

DESCUBRIDORA.

This Mine is about 30 miles from the port of Pau d'Asucar, to which there is a good road. It has been worked since 1850, and is as yet wrought only about 30 fathoms from the surface. The main lode varies from about 30 to 90 feet wide. Near the surface it produced red oxide of copper and green carbonate. In other parts it yields grey sulphurets of great richness, which has produced about one-third metal. There is also an abundance of yellow sulphurets which yields 25 per cent. of copper. The levels have been opened on the lode about 70 fathoms in length. Since the contract for the purchase was made the main shaft has been sunk 15 fathoms under the 30 fathom level. The lode has been cut into at that depth for 40 feet in width, and consists of ore yielding about 25 per cent. of metal.

SAN PEDRO.

This Mine is 50 miles from the port of Chancal, to which there is a good road. The Mine was discovered seven years ago, and has been opened to the depth of about 100 fathoms. The average width of the lode is about 40 feet. It has been rich from the surface; the ore is mostly a grey sulphuret, which has yielded about one-third metal. The bottom of the Mine is very rich, but hitherto the workings have been almost entirely confined to a part of the lode, not exceeding 25 fathoms in length between two cross courses. In a recent report the agents stated that they had driven at 50 fathoms in depth below the adit into the lode east of the eastern cross course. They had penetrated about 10 feet into the lode, and found it productive of ore of as good quality as had been raising from the other workings. An accident having happened to the shaft, by which operations have been partially suspended, the Directors have contracted with Mr. WATERS for sinking a new shaft from the surface and extending a level thence from under the bottom of the mine, so as to put it into complete working order for the sum of £10,000. The time necessary for the completion of the work is estimated by the agents on the spot at the monthly date from February last, and the work is in progress.

There is no water of any consequence. A whim working two hours daily draws the water, which is worth for dressing the ore far more than the cost of drawing.

Since the contract for the purchase was made very favourable intelligence has been received from this Mine also. In cutting through some ground to expedite the sinking of the new shaft a good deal of rich ore has been struck, which the agent reports that it is 15 feet has been driven. The ore is a solid mass of the best quality, being above 30 per cent.

It should also be stated that, independently of that part of the lode which yields ore of the rich quality already referred to, there are lying on the surface at the Mine, and included in the purchase, many thousands of tons of ore of a lower quality, which yield from 12 to 15 per cent. of copper, and only require dressing to prepare them for exportation. There is also a shaft sunk from the surface about 30 fathoms east, and entirely independent of the present workings, and wrought to a depth of about 25 fathoms, which lays open a vast quantity of ore, at least equal in quality.

Both these Mines are held under grants from the Chilean Government. There is no royalty, but a duty of £5 per cent. is payable on all copper ore exported from the country.

Not less than £50,000 has been expended on the plant and machinery at the Mines, and on the various warehouses, workshops, wharves, mules, horses, carts, and general stores which are included in the purchase.

In addition to the Mines, there is a general trade in the purchase of ores from other mines and in the sale of various articles to supply the wants of the mining and general population, and there is also a distillery at the port of Chancal for getting fresh water from the sea.

The Profits for the year 1863, arising from the Mines and other sources of revenue, have been at least £75,000, estimating three unworked cargoes at 18s. 6d. per unit. The ores have been sold in England by Messrs. FERGUSON, HORN & CO., of London and Liverpool, whose accounts may be seen at the Offices of the Company.

It thus appears that the Net Profits to the Company may be estimated at upwards of 20 per cent. per annum, with a prospect of increase as the Mines become further developed.

The Company will be entitled to possession of the Descubridora Mine as from the 1st day of January, 1864, and of the San Pedro Mine, and of the trade and premises at the Port of Chancal, as from the 1st day of April, 1864. Interest at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent. per annum on £50,000, part of the purchase-money of Descubridora, and at 25 per cent. per annum on the remainder of the purchase-money, will be payable to the vendors from the dates of possession, until full payment of the purchase-money.

Two cargoes of ore containing about 1,000 tons have already arrived to the account of the Company, and another cargo is on the way. SAMPSON WATERS, Esq., the principal proprietor of the property, who has resided upwards of 20 years in Chili, and who has been actively interested in the working of the Mines from their commencement; WILLIAM MÜLLER, Esq., the other proprietor, who has also resided in Chili; and THOMAS GARLAND, Esq., of Redruth, who has long been conversant with the working of copper mines in Cornwall, have consented to join the Board, and to render their best assistance in conducting its affairs.

A copy of the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected at the Offices of the Company, and of the Solicitors.

Detailed Prospectuses and Forms for Application for Shares can be obtained at the Offices of the Company; of the Bankers and Brokers to the Company; and of the Solicitors.

DEBENTURES at 5, 5½, and 6 per Cent. CEYLON COMPANY, LIMITED.

Directors.

LAWFORD ACLAND, Esq., Chairman.

Major-Gen. HENRY PELHAM BURN.

HARRY GEORGE GORDON, Esq.

GEORGE IRELAND, Esq.

DUNCAN JAMES KAY, Esq.

STEPHEN P. KENNARD, Esq.

PATRICK F. ROBERTSON, Esq.

ROBERT SMITH, Esq.

Manager—C. J. BRAINE, Esq.

The Directors are prepared to ISSUE DEBENTURES for One, Three, and Five Years at 5, 5½, and 6 per cent. respectively.

They are also prepared to invest Money on Mortgage in Ceylon and Mauritius, either with or without the guarantee of the Company, as may be arranged.

Applications for particulars to be made at the Office of the Company, 12 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

By Order,

JOHN ANDERSON, Secretary.

EVERY one has marked the unpleasant, dirty appearance of a GLASS-EYE, which can always be detected by the Disagreeable Expression on the Physiognomy. But it is now known that M. BOISSONNEAU, Sen., Oculist to the French Army and Hospitals, of 11 Rue de Monceau, Paris, has invented a little *Chef d'œuvre* in ENAMEL, which corrects the attributes of Lightness, Solidity, &c., combined with the extensive motion of Visual Organs. The injured Eye requires no previous operation. The new invention can be inserted without disturbing the patient; Children even bear it without a murmur.

M. BOISSONNEAU will be in London (Symond's Hotel, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square) on the 15th and 16th of September. Persons desirous of communicating with him by correspondence are solicited to send the Colour of the Eye required, and a Photograph of the Face not coloured.